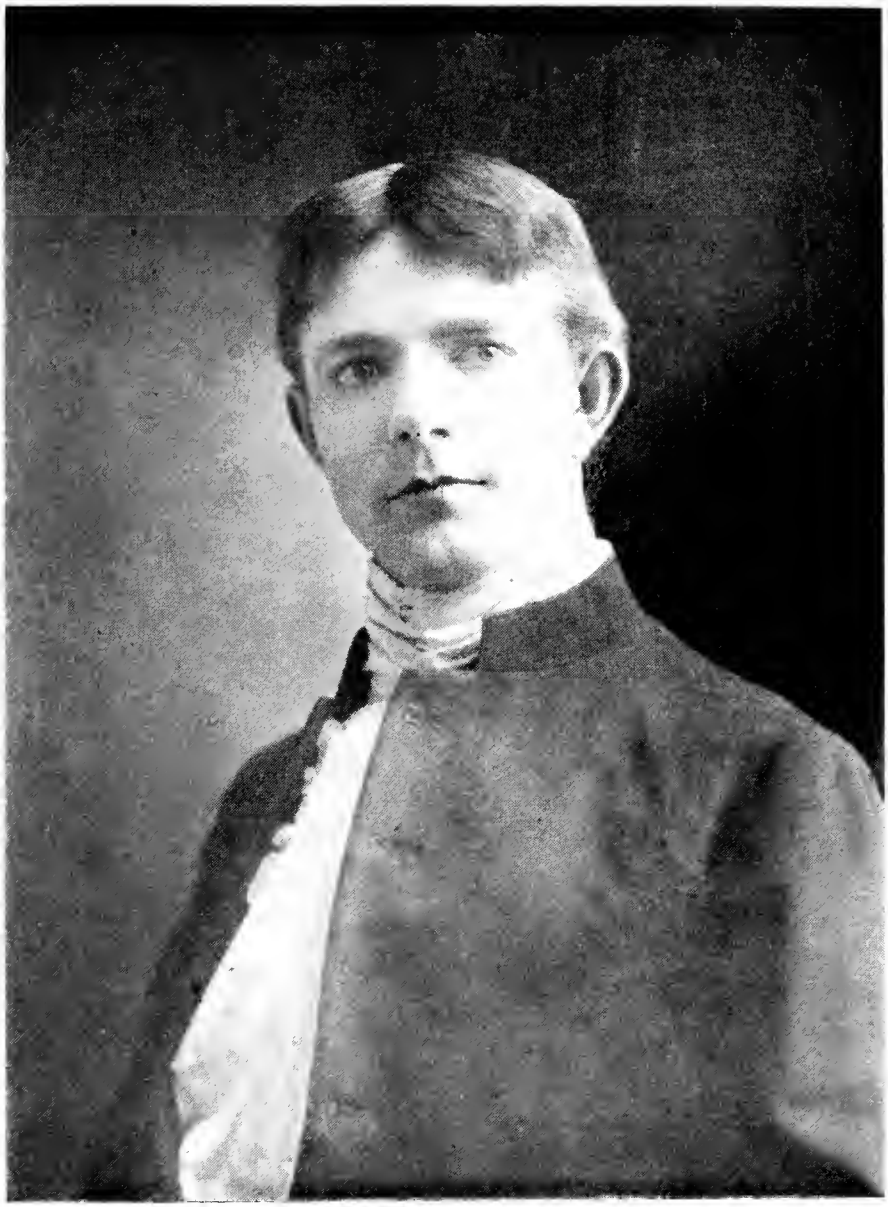
I cannot feel that thou art far,
Since near at need the angels are;
And when the sunset gates unbar,
Shall I not see thee waiting stand,
And, white against the evening star,
The welcome of thy beckoning hand.

—*Whittier.*



Thomas Howard Bartlett

NORMAN HOWARD BARTLETT

BY G. WALDO BROWNE

Author of "Japan: the Place and the People," "The Paradise of the Pacific," "The Woodranger Tales," 3 vols., "The Far East," 6 vols., "Two American Boys in Hawaii," etc., etc.

"Life is the mirror of king and slave,
'Tis just what you are and do;
Give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you."

MANCHESTER, N. H.
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FOREWORD.

Calmly he looked on either life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
From Nature's temperate feast rose satisfied;
Thanked Heaven that he had lived, and that he died.

The fairest, noblest, strongest of the leaders of men are not born of the purple and reared in plenty, but rather the best specimens of humanity are those who have won their diplomas by persistent effort, and gained their success by untiring zeal and constant endeavor. The noblest must feel the throb of life's storms to appreciate the sunlight of restful days.

There is a glory and a grandeur in the life well rounded out with years of work, when the toiler falls at the set of sun worn with his tasks prolonged, that leads us to exclaim: "He has been blessed with complete success; what a glorious career!" Man and nature here united to build one perfect whole. But when we stand by the silent form of him who was cut down in the springtime, with so much of promise, of anticipation, of ambition unfulfilled, we are led to murmur: "What a pity; what a loss!" He may have accomplished more than many who have lived the allotted three score years and ten, but we forget that in the disap-

pointment of this sudden destruction of our castles of hope. There is an exhilarating influence, a specific encouragement in his early endeavor and triumph that does not come with the efforts of later years.

Every young man with a laudable ambition, and a firm resolution to conquer, becomes in the deepest sense of the word a brother of him cut down in the midst of his work, his spirit flown to that "undiscovered country" fresh from the battlefield here, and strong to take up there the onward march to that success which, at its highest, can be only a dream to him who remains. The story of Norman Bartlett's earthly career is that of condensed effort, determined purpose, and fitting reward; it proves the value and the capacity of youth. By his grave the young man can stand with a deeper, truer consciousness of his own subtle powers than elsewhere. What an example such a career is to the discouraged youth halting at the foot of the hill, hesitating to brave the obstacles that lie in his path, the stern realities that forever environ the garden of the gods! If Norman Howard Bartlett, with the shadow of physical weakness ever haunting him, could mount to such heights, how far may he not climb in the full swing of a vigorous manhood, if he will only throw the load of a faint-heart at his feet!

In closing this prelude to my simple memoir of him who deserved a more trenchant pen than mine to build the work, I feel that I can not do better than to embody the ideas and the words of a student of his, who has happily said in speaking of Mr. Bartlett's oratorical training and manner of teaching the art he loved so well: "Indeed, the

idea I have is that the ancient Greeks practiced those same oratorical forms for I see everywhere in the pictures and representations of statuary after Grecian order those same arrangements of the figure. Do you know, if I should ever wander among the ancient ruins of Greece, and should fall asleep among the mightiest of them all, I should expect to dream of attending classes in oratory there with Professor Bartlett as instructor. I used to class him in my own mind as a modern Greek, his devotion to the art was so genuine and so complete." If I have erred in my judgment, then others have erred with me; if I have spoken the word fitly, then shall I consider that I have only done justice to a noble character.

G. WALDO BROWNE.

MANCHESTER, N. H., June 20, 1904.

NORMAN HOWARD BARTLETT.

CHAPTER I.

"What a wilderness were this sad world
If man were always man and never child!"

Fortunate is the person who is born with a deep-seated love for his birthplace, and doubly fortunate is he who has through life the sweet influences and inspirations of an early home, pleasant and hopeful in its influences. A learned writer has well said, "Tell me of one's birthland and I will tell you of his character." A people environed with mountains, whose broadsides are in truth prison walls, but whose every breath is of freedom, could not be other than a race of freemen, for there is that in the very atmosphere, in the mountain breeze, in the sweet intonations of the valley echo, which breathes of a love for liberty. So the race whose native realm is the wide-sweeping plain, boundless in its vastness, looks out with an anxious gaze from its tented home and longs to be rushing over its domains. The finger-points of the limitless space seem to beckon one away like unseen forces, and the meeting place of the bended sky and the lifting plain is to him the Mecca of his dreams. But his is not a love for liberty, rather an impulse, a restlessness that overmasters him and makes him a slave to caprice, a wanderer. The freeman is the founder of a home, and no race can be strictly free that has no love for home-life.

Norman Howard Bartlett, born in Ellenburgh, Clinton County, N. Y., June 17, 1871, was thus fortunate in his early environments, which if speedily exchanged for other scenes, seemed to have made a lasting impression upon him. The spot hallowed in his memory by the visits of later years was a cottage placed in the companionship of pleasant homes, the hamlet encircled by green fields, merging into delightful valleys, where the murmur of running waters vied with the songs of birds, the picture framed by a vista of mountains

> "Bathed in the tenderest purple of distance,
> Tinted and shadowed by pencils of air."

Happy indeed must have been the blending of the spirits that govern such a scene, giving a lasting impression to his life. There was here no dust from the city pavements, the noise and tumult of the mob was lacking, the restless endeavor constantly beckoning man on to greater unrest, but in their place the silent, yet potent, forces of Nature inspiring, not less than soothing, to him who has felt their gentle influences; here centered the sacred delights of all that was best and noblest in creation as well as in art, a sweet refuge place for memory in the days that try the soul of the earnest worker. It was natural that he should write in the midst of his trials and triumphs, when he was crowding into his brief span of hopeful endeavor the labor that belongs to three-score years and ten: "There is no place like my old home in Ellenburgh, and I want to spend my last days there."

Norman was the only child of Duncan Warton and Ida (Plumley) Bartlett. On his paternal side we find a family

that was widely distributed here in America, and of influence, often of prominence, in business, professional and social relations. His father, the son of Leroy and the grandson of Samuel Bartlett, who came to America from England about 1800, was born in St. Albans, Vt. He has made his home in Manchester, N. H., since 1874, where he is well known, having been connected with the gentlemen's clothing business for many years. Mr. Bartlett's mother was Serena Holmes, whose ancestral family came from Great Britain in 1823. The Holmeses were also a prominent family, distinguished for their sterling qualities of mind and body, numbering among them the noted poet, Oliver Wendell Holmes. It is related that at the time Mr. Duncan Holmes, the maternal grandfather of Mr. Bartlett, was about to start with his newly wedded wife for this country, he was stopped and compelled to postpone his passage until he had served his time in the army. Immediately upon finishing this service he and Mrs. Holmes embarked for New England, leaving behind them their eldest born child, who never followed them.

Norman's mother was the fourth daughter of Evet and Lucinda (Hinds) Plumley. Mr. Plumley was born in Willsboro, Essex county, N. Y., in 1818, the son of Horatio Plumley, who came from England where he had begun the study of law and who was drowned in Lake Champlain in 1819, when Evet was a little over a year old. The young child, left thus early to the sole care and guidance of his mother, became in manhood a prosperous farmer and an honored citizen. During the Civil war he was active in buying and selling wool and horses with profit. He took a deep interest in the politics of Clinton county, which at that

period afforded ample activity for the champions of the rival factions. He held several offices in local circles and frequently addressed public meetings though never aspiring to be considered a platform debater. It is probable that those qualities which will be spoken of later as predominating in the character of Norman were inherited from this fearless, sturdy, outspoken grandfather, through his mother, the natural course of transmission. A cousin of the former, Rev. Alden Plumley, was a Methodist minister well known in northern New York.

Mrs. Plumley, *née* Lucinda Hinds, was the fifth daughter of Benjamin F. Hinds, who was a physician and surgeon in the war of 1812. Dr. Hinds and wife were among the first ten families to settle in Ellenburgh, moving there from Andover, Vt., in 1823, with their five young daughters. The first birth in the new town, named Ellenburgh for the daughter of one of the large land-owners, Miss Ellen Murray, was a son born to this worthy couple in 1825, and named after Mr. Loyd Rogers, who made his namesake a present of fifty acres of land.

The youngest daughter, Lucinda, who married the young farmer, Evet Plumley, as has been mentioned, was an intelligent woman and a great reader of good literature. Like her husband she was deeply interested in the affairs of the day. Nothing delighted her more than to listen to a strong public address. Upon going twenty-five miles one fall to hear Horace Greely lecture at a fair, she was asked upon her return home if she felt fully paid for her efforts. "Paid?" she asked, with characteristic earnestness, "I was so well pleased that I am going to hear him again tomorrow."

Mrs. Bartlett, before her marriage, was a teacher in the

public schools, where she was very successful, possessing a natural aptitude for the calling, as well as a mastery of the principles of good order, which was hers by natural gift. With a sweet, classical countenance, a gentle, firm control over others, a winning, softly modulated voice, a sanguine temperament that oversteps all opposition, it is easy to see from whence the child received those gifts which were to affect his whole life.

The family moving to Manchester, N. H., in March, 1874, Norman was taken away from the scenes he had already begun to admire with childish pleasure and a strength that other scenes could not tear from his mind's eye.

The life of a boy is the heart of a boy. There can be little to record, and yet there is a no more active period in his existence. At no time in life are his duties and his endeavors so varied; his sports, with their rapid transformations, now laughable, anon serious; the peculiar perils into which childish feet stumble; the strange and romantic incidents occurring with wonderful frequency; the lights and shadows that fall across his pathway; what a mingling of dreams and reality, of triumph and failure, of care and carelessness, of laughter and tears, a kaleidoscope of shifting scenes, through all of which we see the truth of the words of the immortal Milton: "The childhood shows the man, as morning shows the day."

Norman soon proved a precocious child, eager to learn, and mastering with remarkable rapidity problems that puzzled much older heads. He thus lived a dual childhood, one fraught with childish glee and pleasure, the other blended with the more mature thoughts that belong to an

older life. He was not four years old when he began to develop that talent which became his guiding star through life, and we find him frequently reciting at church entertainments, before Good Templars, and Juvenile Templars. On account of this remarkable aptitude he was made a member of the Juvenile Templars when he was only a little over four, though the age limit was five years. Nothing seemed to delight him more than these public exercises, and at one time upon being complimented for his success, he replied with a gravity characteristic of him: "I thank you, Brother Rogers, but I like it."

The family were at this time members of the Tabernacle M. E. church at Manchester, the pastor being the Rev. J. Benson Hamilton. Mr. Hamilton, as well as the Rev. H. F. Woods, of the Christian church, who was in charge of the Juvenile Templars, became very much attached to him, a friendly feeling that was strongly reciprocated by the child.

The brightest home is not free from its shadow, and in his fifth year Norman fell very ill, so ill in fact, that his life hung for weeks on a slender thread. Even his parents, while they watched over him with tearful solicitude, lost hope. Nor could they disguise the dread alternative from the young sufferer, who came to realize better than they, perhaps, that he was not likely to recover. Often he would say, while he manfully concealed his agony: "Mamma, I am so sick today I cannot see any one except Brother Hamilton or Brother Woods. I can see them," showing by his words the peculiar relationship he bore to those older than he. Looking up into his mother's countenance he surprised her one morning by asking: "Mamma, do you think I am going

to die?" "I hope not," was the gentle reply, the fond parent not daring to say that she felt confident of hope. "Well, mamma, I am willing to die if it is God's will, but I should like to live and preach like Brother Hamilton."

A local paper, the *Sunday Globe*, under date of February 20, 1876, after referring to Norman's illness, said:

> The boy is the only child, and is well known in connection with his able and almost precocious powers of elocution, and feats of memory at Sunday school concerts.

The *Manchester Union* of February 21 used the following language in speaking of him:

> Norman Bartlett, the little boy who met with a serious accident last Wednesday is no better this morning, but continues to fail, and probably cannot recover. He is about four years old, and is a very bright and intelligent little fellow, and is well known by his great memory and power of declamation, which he has exhibited at Sunday school concerts.

Again on March 5, it says:

> Norman Bartlett is no better and his parents have yielded to his desire to be taken to Ellenburgh, N. Y. He left, accompanied by his mother, on the eight o'clock train last evening.

The little patient, his hope buoyed up by the thoughts that he was returning to his old home, a trip that had been made once before, stood the fatigues of his journey with great fortitude, and the change proved beneficial so far that in a few weeks he showed a decided improvement in his condition. He continued to gain in strength, until his mother came back to their Manchester home with him in

the summer. He was now about his childish tasks, but it was feared that he would never be strong again, a fear that became hope deferred as the years passed by.

As soon as he was able we find Norman again taking an active part in church entertainments and select festivals. One little affair of this kind at the St. Paul's M. E. church fair in October, 1882, deserves especial mention. This was a mimic reproduction of that fascinating story of childhood, "The House that Jack Built." On account of the uniqueness of the arrangements and the clever manner in which Norman acted the part of Jack, this elicited the most flattering commendations. The *Daily Mirror* of October 14, says:

> "The House that Jack Built" was repeated the second night, by request, and it received a recall the same as on Wednesday evening, Master Bartlett captivating the audience in the role of Jack.

During these years of his early childhood, his mother taught music, having a class of pupils. Norman was scarcely two years old before he evinced great talent as well as interest in this direction, rapidly and easily mastering difficult selections. He possessed a sweet, musical voice.

Owing to his frail health he was not sent to the public school until he was fitted for the grammar grade, his mother instructing him. In his attention to his studies he proved himself of a studious nature, and was as regular in his lessons as if he was attending school. If he was out at play the moment he heard the school bell he would come into the house and take his book. Possessing a very retentive memory his studies were never real tasks to him, while it was always a pleasure to teach him.

As the little things of life go to make up the great sum of human existence, so the minor incidents of common life illustrate the real character of the individual. The more thoughtful that nature the more lasting the impression. At one time, while visiting in Roxbury, Vt., with Mrs. Bartlett's sister, Mrs. L. A. Wilson, they stopped at the American House in Montpelier. Here he became engaged in conversation with a lady, who was so forcibly struck by his decorous manner that she remarked afterwards that "his dignity and politeness were equal to the well-bred man of twenty-five."

We get another illustration of his nature in the little incident that took place when he was seven. His mother had given him permission to play with some boys in the yard, but it was not long before he was seen to return to the house and upon being asked if he had tired of the company of his playmates, he replied:

"I do not care to play with those boys. I never heard such English as they use. I told them they had better go home and study their grammars." Upon being reminded that he had not studied grammar himself, he said: "That is what the boys told me, but I explained that I had learned grammar from my mother." What an illustration of the influence of home life and example!

He had shown his love and desire for the church at an early age, as may be readily inferred, and it is related that when he was eight years old, upon finding one Sunday morning that his parents would not be able to attend worship that day, he said: "Mamma, I must go to church. What will God think of us if we all stay at home today? Papa is sick so you cannot go, but I must go." So the

childish voice comes through the years like pure strains of music wafted upward in the deep stillness of twilight; and the innocent days of childhood blossom with ever increasing beauty in the garden of memory, as sweet forget-me-nots brighten the summer of Nature.

PORTRAIT AT 10.

From Photograph by Colby, Manchester, N. H.

CHAPTER II.

"To teach high thought, and amiable words,
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man."

Under the efficient tuition of his mother, Norman's health at this time permitting, he entered the grammar school on Spring street, in Manchester, at the age of twelve, completing his course in the Franklin school and graduating in the class of 1887. While attending this school he had private lessons in elocution under the instruction of its principal, Prof. Fred C. Baldwin.

His first public success in this direction came when in February, 1887, he was one of the winning contestants for the Clarke prizes, an annual trial of elocutionary merit among the pupils of the local schools, established by the late Col. John B. Clarke. The *Mirror and American,* one of the local papers, in a review of the contest had the following good words to say of him:

A long and difficult selection is "The Light from over the Range," but Master Bartlett brought to it an impressive style of delivery, an ease of bearing, an intensity of feeling, an intelligence of comprehension and a grace of movement that served to complete the rounded whole, gave much satisfaction, and reflected great credit upon the principal. He en-

tered into the pathetic passages with sincerity, and at times made very realistic points. Before he had spoken two minutes it was generally conceded that he would come in for a prize.

Norman was chosen as valedictorian of his class at the graduation exercises in June, 1887, and he recited the following address in a most eloquent and impressive manner:

VALEDICTORY.

Delivered Before the Grammar School Class of '87 in Mechanics Hall, Manchester, N. H.

And now, dear friends, accept the thanks of our class for the earnest attention that you have accorded our several parts. We have turned the first goal at the end of our Grammar school course, and the race is won. For years have we striven for the mastery; neck and neck have we sped along that course of study which looks so smooth on paper, but which we assure you we have found in some parts exceedingly hard to travel.

Our thoughts today dwell largely on the past and the present, but our relations to the future must not be overlooked or ignored. We are regarded today as happy, aimless school children, but some of us have hopes, aspirations and ambitions not yet confided to our dearest friends. In regard to the past we feel that we have tried to accomplish the work assigned us by our teachers who have invariably given us their best efforts both in precept and example.

In regard to the present our hearts are filled with gratitude whose fullness we are unable to express. We thank the members of the board of education for the wise manner in which they have conducted the affairs of our school. We thank the members of the sub-committee of this school for their interest in our behalf. We thank the efficient superintendent of public instruction for his occasional words of

friendly encouragement. We thank the "City Fathers" for the generous expenditures that have made so many advantages our own. But not least is our gratitude to our teachers, who have so skillfully guided our wayward steps, and lifted us up toward that higher intellectual plane which they occupy.

Classmates, we part today at the portal of a world untried. Hitherto we have had more or less help in our tasks, but now we are thrown upon our own resources, and the responsibility of a soul's destiny rests upon each of us. This life is but a journey to Eternity, whether long or short is known to Him alone.

But this we do know, that though we are not held accountable for the days allotted us, we surely are responsible for the manner in which we spend them.

What we shall be here and hereafter depends largely upon the manner in which we improve our time and opportunities, and upon our influences and associates.

Nor should we be content to grasp things that perish with the using. What is mere worldly wealth to cultivated intellect and high moral character? We know that the treasures of wisdom are not to be seized with a violent hand, but are earned by persistent labor.

But character is the most enduring thing in the universe, and he who trains the intellect is working for a very limited time, but he who is developing character is working for eternity.

Let us then, dear classmates, take industry, frugality, temperance, and integrity as our watchwords, and in imitation of our revered Franklin, strive to accomplish something that shall make our fellow-travelers wiser, better, happier.

Nothing great is lightly won,
Nothing won is lost.
Every good deed nobly done
Will repay the cost.

Our present is the seed-time of our maturer years; the soil on which we may cultivate the most precious possibilities of our intellectual, moral, spiritual natures, is at our feet. Shall we, then, allow our springtime to pass unimproved, and harvest nothing but noxious weeds?

Help yourself and heaven will help you should you deserve a crown.

At the graduating exercises, besides giving the valedictory, he read that stirring account from "Ben Hur" of "The Chariot Race." The voice, gestures, and delivery of the boy reader enabled him to render this difficult selection in a way which fairly captivated the listeners, and it was declared unanimously to be a masterly effort.

Upon graduating from the grammar school he entered the Manchester high school, taking a college course. While here he took lessons in German of Dr. Williams, pastor of St. Paul's M. E. church, and a graduate of Berlin. He continued his lessons in elocution with Professor Baldwin, and kept up his training in music with different teachers. He remained here a year. During his vacation the following summer he improved the first opportunity to carry out the desires of his active, ambitious mind. As a very young child the charm, the fascination of reciting in public had been a sort of overmastering desire, and now, in the summer of 1888, having learned, studied, and mastered the particular qualities of each selection, he looked around him for a field wherein he might cultivate his talent as a public reader. He was quickly drawn toward his "old home," as certainly as the magnetic needle is turned toward the north pole. So he went ostensibly upon a visit to his Aunt Phebe Plumley Carew, making his stopping-place with her, while

he began to give a series of entertainments at churches, halls, and other places, extending his trip into the great pleasure and health resorts of the Adirondack mountains.

His programs consisted principally of readings by himself, accompanied by some singer or musician when convenient, but always depending mainly on his own efforts for success. Wherever he went he was received with hearty encomiums of praise. At these entertainments, notably at Lyon mountain, where he gave readings in the town hall, and at the Merrill house at Chateaugay lake, he interested cultured guests from New York city, all of whom were highly pleased with his efforts. It was certainly no small accomplishment for this young reader, alone and unaided to gain. Among the many flattering press notices accorded him, the following must suffice.

The *Plattsburg Sentinel* has this to say of him:

Master Norman Bartlett of Manchester, N. H., is giving elocutionary entertainments in town. He is well trained, and possesses a fine natural talent, and if he continues he will make his mark in the world.

The *Plattsburgh, N. Y., Republican* at this time, August 3, 1888, paid the young elocutionist the following well merited compliment:

Master Norman H. Bartlett, a talented young elocutionist of Manchester, N. H., entertained a select audience at Ellenburgh Center, August 3, in a very efficient manner. If an easy stage presence, a clear enunciation and graceful gestures indicate anything Master Bartlett richly deserves the credit accorded to him, for it is rarely that we see one of his years so well trained in every particular which goes to make up a fine reader.

Norman was only a little over seventeen years of age at this time, and ambitious to develop his histrionic ability still further he left the high school the following fall to enter the Monroe College of Oratory of Boston, since renamed the Emerson college. Here he fortunately met Mr. Leland T. Powers, the well-known impersonator, and a strong mutual friendship immediately began which lasted through life. He commenced taking lessons in impersonation, entering into the training with his characteristic enthusiasm and industry. His mother and himself taking rooms in Mr. Powers' house, the couple passed perhaps the happiest period of their lives while he was under instruction at this college; he with the great love for his work absorbing his mind and strength, she happy in the knowledge that he was making such rapid and marked advance in his work.

The summer of 1889 found the young reader again following the course of his former successes, preceding his season in the Adirondacks by a similar program in the White mountains, as usual visiting the leading hotels and places of summer resort, with the confidence won by his previous triumphs in this direction.

Still a boy in years, and of medium size, with a frank, ingenuous countenance, and a quiet, retiring manner of deportment, his appearance was hailed everywhere with hearty sympathy and praise. It is related that upon arriving at one of the large summer hotels, The Uplands, under the escort of the Rev. Charles J. Chase, with whom he was making his home for the time, and who had been instrumental in obtaining for him this opportunity, they were met by the proprietor, who soon proved somewhat taken aback by the youthful appearance of this person expected

to entertain his guests, whom he knew could be pleased only by high-class talent. Improving the first opportunity, he called his friend aside to ask anxiously whether he had not made a mistake in thinking so young a person could meet the expectations of his people. "It is not too late," he said, "to cancel the affair upon some excuse, and in that way get out of the dilemma."

"Have no fear that you or your guests will be disappointed," replied the reverend gentleman. "I have listened to Mr. Bartlett before this and I assure you he will not fail to meet your highest expectations."

Before the young elocutionist had completed his first selection it became evident that the proprietor's fears had been dispelled, and ere the entertainment was over he was cheering with the most enthusiastic, fairly captivated by the ease, grace and eloquence of the young reader. The following press encomiums reveal the manner in which he was everywhere received:

Mr. Norman H. Bartlett, the talented young elocutionist of Boston has been giving selected readings at the different hotels. Mr. Bartlett has much talent for his chosen profession.—*Littleton, N. H., Journal.*

Mr. Norman H. Bartlett, the talented young elocutionist, gave selected readings, interspersed with music by Miss Emma Noyes, in the elegant parlors of the Uplands last Tuesday evening.—*White Mountain Echo.*

On Tuesday evening Mr. Norman H. Bartlett of the Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, gave readings at the Avenue House, which were highly appreciated by all fortunate enough to hear.—*Among the Clouds.*

His rendering of the "Light from Over the Range," was excellent and during his reading of the "Boat Race" and the "Chariot Race" his audience became enthusiastic. He stands high, for a young man, in his chosen profession.—*White Mountain Republic.*

Mr. Norman H. Bartlett of Boston, the young reader, closed his engagements in Bethlehem during the week by entertainments at Ranlet's Hotel, the Mount Washington House and the Uplands. The favor with which his readings have been received warrants the belief that with experience he will prove an effective elocutionist. He has now left for the Adirondacks, where he has recited in past seasons.—*White Mountain Echo.*

After spending four pleasant and profitable weeks in the White mountains, making his home during the time with the Rev. Charles J. Chase of Bethlehem already mentioned, at the parsonage of the Methodist Episcopal church, Norman returned to the Adirondacks for his second season at that popular summer resort, where he remained for eight weeks, meeting with even better success than on his first tour. At the Saranac Inn it was his good fortune to read before an audience which comprised among others ex-President and Mrs. Cleveland. Attracted by the youthful and gentlemanly appearance of the young reader, the former entered into conversation with him, asking him many questions in regard to his studies, and complimenting him upon his success, and when the other expressed the wish that he might again be nominated for the presidency, he said:

"Well, Norman, if I should be nominated again I should consider it an honor to have such a bright young man cast his first vote for me."

"Believe me, sir," he replied, "if I live I shall be only too glad of the opportunity, and I sincerely hope you will be selected to head the ticket of our party again."

It is, perhaps, needless to say that Mr. Cleveland was again nominated by his party in 1892, so Norman had the wished-for opportunity to cast his maiden vote for the candidate who proved successful.

Mrs. Cleveland was even more pleased with the eloquent "boy reader" than her husband, and she claimed him as her favorite, wishing him great success in his future work. Already the kind fates had selected him as one of their favorites, but this choice had not been made until he had evinced that earnestness of purpose and industry of preparation that characterized his brief, but brilliant, career.

The favor with which he was met everywhere is shown by the recall given him at Bloomingdale, N. Y., where he gave his second reading upon request, the Methodist Episcopal church being crowded with a pleased audience. Referring to one of his entertainments at Ellenburgh, a local paper had these kind words to say:

> The cozy parlors of the rectory were the scene of a pleasant and brilliant recital on Thursday evening, the artists being Norman H. Bartlett of the Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, reader, and Miss Mattie Phelps of Berlin, Germany, assisting pianist. Mr. Bartlett is an old favorite in the Adirondacks, and especially here, and his work was the acme of excellence.—*Chateaugay, N. Y. Record.*

Kind words like these could not be other than a stimulus to the young and ambitious youth already impatiently longing to begin in earnest life's battles, conscious that the deeds performed in truth and honesty cannot perish, for the good one does lives after him.

CHAPTER III.

Olympian bards who sung
Divine ideas below,
Which always find us young,
And always keep us so.
—*Emerson.*

The same law that effects the ceaseless ebb and flow of the ocean governs that most delicate cellular system which conveys the sap of the tallest trees from the grounded roots into the minute tissues of buds and leaves where no steam engine could send it contrary to Nature's power. So it is in all spheres. We may conduct experiments into Nature's realm, but the minutest atom defies our successful disturbance when contrary to her law. Such is the weakness of our power. In harmony with this truth we find another of equal fidelity to the governing influences of life. There is no laggard in nature; the sloth is the lonely exception among animals, and he is found only often enough to teach us how low the creature can drop, and leave a connecting link between animate and inanimate life.

Norman Bartlett had an active temperament, swayed constantly by the universal law of motion. We see this trait in the character of the selections in reading that were his especial favorites at this time. The fire, the dash, the onsweep of the furious forces controlling the "Chariot

Race," found in him a happy outlet for the living exemplification of the scene, which under his magic was revivified with twofold interest. In "Jack Hall's Boat Race" he found another congenial element, where he held his audience enthralled by his eloquent portrayal of a scene that would baffle a less gifted artist to restore to life. In the "Light from Over the Range," pathos and humor strove for the mastery, over which he held equal dominion. Old Rough was a character few could portray successfully. That he did so was shown by the repeated applause given him and the unvarying encore. "Rock of Ages," a bit of realistic work which he skillfully adapted to his use, called for the highest degree of power to make others feel what you may feel, and to see with the mind's eye the intense passions which govern the nature of man in its contradicting states where good and evil combat for the mastery, with the ascendency of the last foreordained. Not less than in tragical portrayal of human warfare with nature was he successful in his selections of a lighter vein. Among other selections that were at one time or another given by him with equal pleasure, both to himself and his hearers, were "Toussaint L'Ouverture"; "The Leper," by N. P. Willis; "The Vagabonds," by J. T. Trowbridge; "The Delayed Reprieve," anonymous; "The Old Maid's Prayer," anonymous.

Like poets, good readers are born and not made, though Norman Bartlett lost no opportunity to assist nature. Here lies, in a high degree, the secret of his success. His unceasing motto was, "what is worth doing is worth doing well." He lost no opportunity to improve upon his talents; no opportunity to apply himself to his chosen task. His

vacations were filled with endeavor to accomplish his purpose. His odd moments were opportunities for study. If he was not away to school, he was taking private lessons in some branch of his work. Deserving of mention among these were the private instructions of Miss Jessie Eldridge, now Mrs. Southwick.

Upon leaving the College of Oratory at Boston he entered upon a three years' course at the N. H. Conference Seminary and College at Tilton, N. H., since named the Tilton Seminary. Completing his course in two years, he was graduated upon his twentieth birthday, June 17, 1891. His last months here were seriously interrupted by a severe attack of pneumonia, and he was barely up from a sick bed before he returned upon the condition that he attempt only a few of his studies. But his ambition would not allow him to be restricted, and in the five weeks following, though for a time he was not able to leave his room, he made up for the three weeks he had lost through absence on account of illness, and graduated with high honors.

As usual he was enabled to accomplish this only by continual study during vacations, which was ever his custom when his health would permit.

Professor Austin said of his last examination in Latin that it was the best he had ever heard. He was particularly fond of Virgil, and wrote his mother during his last term in Tilton: "As I sit by my open window, this beautiful spring morning, and read Virgil I think this is next to Heaven."

While attending his studies here Norman was a great favorite among his classmates for his frank, ingenuous manner, his clear, incisive intellect, and his polite, courteous

TILTON SEMINARY

TILTON, N. H.

PORTRAIT AT 20. From Photograph by Bailey, Concord, N. H.

deportment. Of a studious nature, his health never permitting him to mingle in sport as his playmates did, though he was manager of a football team, his books became his fields of diversion, his room his campus, where he was sure to be found with a pleasant word and a smile of recognition to those who sought him. He was also a great favorite with the townspeople, receiving a smile and a word of encouragement wherever he went. He gave frequent readings at social gatherings and church entertainments, always meeting with a large and enthusiastic attendance.

Over-study and too close application to his beloved books, however, left him at the close of this time of his graduation unable to continue even his readings, as he had done the previous seasons. Still he was not deterred from visiting the old familiar scenes of Ellenburgh, so he hastened thither, promising his parents, and flattering himself, that it was to be a few months of absolute rest.

While slowly recovering the vitality sapped by close application to his studies, his mind was deeply engrossed with that important consideration which comes into the life of every youth who looks into the future with the firm purpose in his soul to act his part in the stern duties of manhood.

In olden story the education of a certain Greek prince named Telemachus was entrusted to the goddess of wisdom, Minerva. In order to perfect him in his studies she impersonated an aged man, and under the pretence of leading him to find his lost father, she guided him through many lands, calling his attention to their customs, their beauties, and, not less, the divine precepts to be learned from even the lowest of these subjects. Finally they came

to where the road diverged into two ways, and here she paused, saying to Telemachus that he must choose which he would follow. As she finished speaking her disguise fell away and lo! Minerva, the goddess, clothed in that rare radiance which had rendered her famous, stood before the bewildered youth. Before he could speak or stretch out a hand to implore her she had vanished, but the lessons she had given him remained and bore fruit in riper years.

Norman felt that he had indeed reached that point in life where he was standing at the fork of two roads, the critical period which comes into the life of every young man, and on whose choice rests very much of his future prosperity and happiness. Who makes his selection hastily has reason to regret it before the end is reached. Opportunities are the rungs in the ladder by which we climb to the summit of success, and fortunate, indeed, is he who lets not any one of these slip by unheeded. The great Shakespeare has well said:

> There is a tide in the affairs of men
> Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune;
> Omitted, all the voyage of their life
> Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

There is no record to show how his decision was reached, though we do know he was under the kindly advice of one who ever wielded a strong influence over his efforts. If he had not yet reached the years of manhood, the character of the future man was fully developed. He was endowed with many good properties, not the least of which was the power of command over himself; a firmness of purpose which would brook no defeat in his chosen walk of

life; a moral courage that knew no fear; a marked sense of justice that the views of others or the adversities of fate could not make waver; an ambition that knew no bounds. While nature had not bestowed upon him a strong physical frame as a workshop for his clear, intense intellect, it had endowed him with an indomitable will, which, for a time, would enable him to battle victoriously against the inevitable.

To know a man well, were to know himself.—*Hamlet.*

He had been frequently encouraged to become an actor, a profession to which his histrionic ability made him especially adapted, and where, no doubt, he could be certain of winning success. But his proved a more thoughtful, contemplative nature, seeking after the great truths of the world unseen and unknown. As a little boy he was wont to surprise his friends by asking questions that puzzled them to answer, and then giving his own explanations, so it seemed perfectly natural that he should early betray a deeply religious purpose. This fact, coupled with the opportunity to attend divine worship from childhood, certainly tended to determine his course even before his parents had dreamed of it. At the age of twelve he was converted, and united with the St. Paul M. E. church of Manchester. Whenever in Ellenburgh he had never failed to attend services at St. Peter's Episcopal church, in company with his aunt, Mrs. Bowman, who was a member of it, and also at the Methodist church, the services coming so that he could do so without conflicting.

At this time he took his membership from the St. Paul M. E. church in Manchester, and united with St. Peter's

Episcopal of Ellenburgh, where he kept his membership until the summer of 1896. This was done largely that he might be brought closer to the kind rector of this church, the Rev. Silas M. Rogers, A. M., and his estimable wife, between whom and Norman there had long since sprung up a friendship that time nor change could effect. Norman declared that he had passed some of the happiest hours of his life at the rectory. To another it must have seemed singular to see this bright-faced youth of tender years in earnest conversation with the scholar and student of God's word, the one forgetting, in the presence of the precocious child, that he was a man, and the other that he was only a boy. No doubt these meetings, these fervent exchanges of heartfelt ideas and confessions, had an abiding influence in deciding his future.

In the late days of September he returned to his home in Manchester, surprising his parents soon after with the declaration:

"I am going to study for the ministry."

Though pleased with this statement, his mother questioned him concerning his motive for doing this, when he had so often expressed a desire for another vocation. His reply was characteristic of him:

"You know, mother, that isn't really what I thought I wanted to do, but it is that which I think I must do. I have given the matter a great deal of attention, and feel it is what the Lord wants me to do. This was in my mind while I was at Tilton, and often I have risen in the night to read my Bible to see if I could not find some passage that would excuse me for following some other course."

The force of parental encouragement was never more

prettily illustrated than in the case of the celebrated painter, Benjamin West, who when a small boy, drew a crude likeness of his baby brother lying asleep in his cradle. It was done with a bit of coal he had picked up on the hearth, and upon the wall of the room where his mother would have to wash it out. Then, too, at best it was but a crude drawing, calling for very little art, and yet that loving mother saw in the rude effort what she believed to be the promise of a great artist, and forgetting the extra work the disfigurement on the wall would cause her, taking him into her loving arms, she kissed him. That kiss, he was pleased to declare in the years of his renown, had made him an artist.

Having received the happy encouragement of his parents in his choice, Norman began his theological studies by attending the school at Holderness, taking a special course. As an assistant in Latin and Greek he sought the private instruction of Miss Maria F. Kidder, who had assisted him most efficiently during his attendance at Tilton. She had already found him a pupil of exceptional aptness. So much so, in fact, that she found it a pleasure rather than a task to instruct him. He was quickly inspired with the philosophy of language. The very spirit of Virgil seemed to pervade his reading of that immortal author. Borne on the invisible chariot of thought, he seemed to mingle in the warlike strife, the rustic dance, the scenes of mirth and playfulness. Particularly did heroic valor awaken his soul to action, until herculean strength, fathomless love for liberty, fidelity to friendship, became his overmastering desire. It was then his eye, which could speak as few eyes could, would sparkle with the undying sentiment of his

heart, and his bright countenance glow with the stirring thoughts that ruled his mind.

Nor was Greek a less, but rather a greater favorite with him, and the fadeless sentiments it revealed inspired him with the highest veneration for the old masters of thought. So the stories of Greece became familiar topics. The passions that stirred the hearts of men in those trying days, the examples of heroism and sacrifice, the immortal battles, the fadeless victories, the defeats suffered with inborn heroism, the patriotism of her statesmen, the eloquence of her orators, the beautiful creations of her sculptors, and, not less, the wild fancies of her poets, were absorbed by him, until his thoughts breathed again the immortal words of that heroic age, and the philosophy of her sages became his treasures.

He soon showed that his analytical powers were not bounded by the narrow limitations of the ordinary mind, that, mingled with art, he held the key to Nature's storehouse, and with an imagination unrestricted and a memory unsurpassed, he was able to study human nature with remarkable analysis, looking

> Far down
> Into the heart, where passion wove a web
> Of thousand, thousand threads, in grain and hue
> All different.

He entered the Holderness school in the fall of 1891; remained through the year; returned in September, and staid until the Christmas vacation, when he continued his studies under the private instruction of Miss Kidder. The result of this careful preparation was evident at his exami-

nation at Holderness in June, 1893, getting the highest per cent in Greek ever taken at that school.

In December, 1893, Norman was engaged by the board of education at Hooksett to coach in elocution a class of eleven attending the public school. Very soon after beginning his work here he was able to form a private class, until he had over thirty pupils, whom he taught until the following May, closing his season with a public entertainment whose memory is still cherished by many of his students. His relations here were exceedingly pleasant, and he numbered in his class some especially bright pupils, who felt a deep love and regard for their teacher, and appreciated his endeavors.

Upon the close of this work Norman went to Ellenburgh, where he remained until the last of August, that fall entering the Berkeley Divinity school at Middletown, Conn. From the time he entered the school at Holderness until he went to Berkeley he conducted services at the Episcopal church at Goffstown, or in West Manchester, every Sabbath he was in town. The latter church was always crowded.

CHAPTER IV.

Master, speak, thy servant heareth,
Waiting on thy gracious word,
Longing for thy voice that cheereth;
Master, let it now be heard.
—*Havergal.*

Who blunders along the pathway he has chosen may be consoled by the thought that if his way winds among dizzy crags of temptation and up steep ascents requiring hard work to climb, the summit is so much nearer the stars. Who climbs bravely and earnestly shall have the light of the stars upon his brow, and the higher he ascends the brighter becomes his pathway. The poet must have had this spirit in his soul when he said:

Keep pushing. 'Tis wiser than standing aside
And dreaming and waiting and watching the tide.
In life's earnest battle they only prevail
Who bravely press onward and never say fail.

With the varied and comprehensive system of education described, supplemented by private instruction from among the best teachers, Norman now entered the Berkeley Divinity school at Middletown, Conn., carrying with him there the same industry and persevering energy which had been so characteristic of his life.

Intimate companionship between child and parent is the frequent indicator of children of genius. Norman Bartlett was a genius in the common acceptation of the word. And never was a companionship more closely interwoven, an association deeper and more hallowed than that which marked the lives of him and his mother. This may have been partly due to the tender solicitude a mother invariably bestows upon her child who is frail in physical strength. Here she seems bound to center her deepest affections, her hopes, his hopes, his sufferings, her sufferings.

So it is seen here that every aspiration of his was shared by her; every dream was revealed; every success conveyed to her by the swiftest means available. Was he ill, she was immediately his nurse; if away from home, that became none the less the magnet still that drew him hitherward upon wings of thought that never tired. The ever potent influence of this power, which some might tenderly denominate a weakness, is illustrated by his conduct while at the Tilton seminary. One afternoon while walking arm in arm with Professor Austin he came in sight of the railroad station, and seeing a train bound to his native city, pulling into the depot, his impetuous, impulsive nature was suddenly overwhelmed by a desire to fly thither to the arms of his mother. He was thus led to exclaim longingly:

"I wish I could see my mother this evening. That train goes right past her door."

Realizing something of the depth of feeling stirring his heart, his companion, who may have been touched by a similar sentiment, said quickly:

"Why not go and see her? I would give more than the

fare to see my mother tonight. Here is my mileage book, and I will explain your absence to the president."

Thankfully taking the book, with a few murmured words, Norman ran into the station, boarded the train, and, it is needless to say, spent a happy evening with his surprised but gladdened mother.

This mother-love has ever been a potent factor in shaping the lives of mankind, though sometimes stern duty entwines about it the keenest suffering. A soldier of the Legion, while his army lay encamped expecting marching orders any moment, received the sad intelligence that his aged mother was lying at the point of death. In his deep grief he sought his commander, begging of him a furlough of only twenty-four hours that he might see her again while yet she lived. The officer shook his head, declaring that it was a preposterous idea and could not be granted. Still that mother face so haunted the poor soldier that in the still hours of night he stole out of the camp and sped on swift foot to the bedside of her for whom love was stronger than duty.

In the morning at roll-call his name was unanswered, and he was marked as a deserter. During the day, having found his mother in season to be with her a sacred hour, he returned to his regiment, too loyal to prolong his absence further. But his fate had already been sealed, and the veteran of many a hard-fought field, who had never faltered at the most deadly fire, was tried as a deserter and sentenced to be shot, because martial law knows no mother-love. Happier had Norman Bartlett been, in the infliction of his punishment, than was this unfortunate soldier of the Legion.

While at the Berkeley school Norman was riding on a local train one day when he saw a woman enter the car who instantly reminded him of his mother. Upon hearing her speak he was further impressed by the resemblance, and the desire to see her who, at that moment, he knew was anxiously thinking of him, quickly overmastered his reason. Asking the conductor if there was a train that evening which would connect with a northern-bound train and being told that there was, he then and there resolved to hasten home. So, without further thought or preparation, he bought his ticket, boarded the homeward-bound train, and before morning surprised his parents by his unexpected appearance. It is, perhaps, needless to say that he was warmly welcomed, and telegraphing, as soon as he could to the faculty that he would not be able to attend the exercises before the following day, he enjoyed, as only he could, the pleasure of his short visit.

Again we find him telegraphing to his mother, and telegrams were sent by him with wonderful frequency, saying:

"My examinations come between two and three o'clock in the afternoon. Pray for me during that hour.

"NORMAN."

Soon after entering the Berkeley school he became lay reader, and conducted services at the Westbrook Episcopal church, also at the Clinton and Colchester churches. His success and reception at these places is indicated by the following local press notices:

The many who attended services at St. Paul's church last Sunday evening will not soon forget the sermon preached by

the eloquent pastor, Mr. Bartlett, from the text "With what measure ye meet," etc. Mr. Bartlett came to this church last April, being highly recommended by Bishop Williams. . . . The church is taking on a healthy growth. During the summer, by the able management of the gentleman, a carpet and organ have been purchased and new pews put in, making the building one of the prettiest of its class in the country.

Again we find a church entertainment deserving the following interesting descriptions:

CHORAL EVENSONG AT WESTBROOK.

The first choral evensong ever given in Westbrook was rendered Sunday evening at St. Paul's Episcopal church. Rev. N. H. Bartlett of the Berkeley Divinity school has spared no pains and time to make this the event of the season. Mr. Bartlett delivered an excellent sermon. He took for his subject, "The Death of Christ." . . . The church was beautifully trimmed with evergreens and flowers. The congregation was the largest that ever attended, standing room only, the church being crowded to the doors.

A FINE MUSICAL SERVICE.

At St. Paul's church in Westbrook was given the first choral evensong on Sunday evening. The largest congregation ever assembled in the church was present to hear the fine music. Much praise is due to the Rev. N. H. Bartlett of this city for attempting a choral service for the first time. The offertory was for the choir fund, and was the largest offertory ever received. W. D. Thayer, of Holy Trinity church, this city, had charge of the musical program.

Much praise is due Rev. N. H. Bartlett, a student of the Berkeley Divinity school of Middletown, the present pastor of the church, for his indefatigable labors in working up the

concert. Mr. Bartlett since he assumed the pastoral charge of the church, has made himself very popular with the people especially the younger part of the congregation. He has held concerts, entertainments, and lawn parties every alternate week since last spring for the benefit of the church. He has had the interior of the church finished in a very attractive style, and has put in a beautiful organ, besides a great many things of minor importance. The congregation has increased from an attendance of ten at a service to one hundred and fifty. A great many articles used in the service have been given to the church by the summer residents who have become interested in Rev. Mr. Bartlett and his successful work. It is rumored that Mr. Bartlett is to assume the pastorate of a larger church soon. Should the event take place the congregation will deem it a decided loss to St. Paul's. It is sincerely hoped that the rumor is merely a rumor and no more.

The following item taken from a local paper is also of interest:

MEMORIAL SERMON AT WESTBROOK.

The annual Memorial sermon at Westbrook before Chapman post of the G. A. R. will be delivered May 26 by Norman Bartlett of Berkeley Divinity school.

Letters are the indicators of the human heart, in no other form of communication do we get deeper or truer insights into the nature than in those missives precious to the mother's heart at the time of reception, and trebly precious when the hand that penned them and the heart that dictated them are silent here. The following is a portion of one of his letters written home while at Berkeley:

"BERKELEY DIVINITY SCHOOL,
"Friday evening, 1894.

"MY DEAR MOTHER:

"Another week has gone by. I think if one would only look back on each week, yes and on each day, they would find it easier to look back on each year and correct their mistakes. Some, nearly all, think that the beginning of each year is the time to take vows for amendment in deeds past, but would it not be better if the morning of each day could be used for that purpose?

"The Lord has given me good health, comfortable surroundings, and an opportunity to study. How much I have to thank him for.

"We had celebration of the Eucharist this morning at 9.30; vespers with a pastoral letter from Bishop Williams this evening. I have the service tomorrow. Look on the church calendar that I sent you opposite the 26th day and you will see what chapters I read from the Bible. I will look them up now and tell you. Genesis 42 chapter to the 25th verse; Matthew 14 chapter to the 22d verse.

"I expected a letter from you tonight, was disappointed, but I know you are busy and would write if you could. I sat up until nearly two this morning.

"I sent you 'Ships that Pass in the Night' today. I would ask you to read carefully the chapter near end of book on 'Success and failure.' I have heard you say so many times that your life was a failure. It is wrong to say that, I think, for when one tries to the best of their knowledge and to the best of their ability to do what they think is right (and I know you have done that) then their life is the maximum of success. If on the other hand one willfully

disobeys the laws of God, willfully and selfishly works to gain glory for himself or to bring pain to others, their life seems to have been lived for nothing. If they can see no good resulting from their having been placed here by Almighty God then they cannot only say, but God will also judge their lives a failure.

"There is an old saying that a noble man is noble to every one but his valet. I suppose it is because the valet is in such close fellowship with his master that the good features which so much impress others are lost on the valet. I feel that way myself when I think of you. When I am with you constantly I do not appreciate, perhaps do not sometimes even see, the noble qualities that you possess, but when I am away from you, and sitting in a meditative mood and think of the sacrifices you have made for husband and son and of the noble, loyal manner that you have stood by us I can simply exclaim: Wonderful! Wonderful! If there is a heaven there will my mother be. Now it is out of my general line to cry, but sometimes I do, when I think of my dear, good, loving mother.

"About coming home, just now we are reviewing Hebrew, and perhaps it would be well for me to postpone going, say for four or five weeks. If after a few weeks you think it best and care very much to see me I will come.

"You haven't said much about father this week. Write me about his business every letter, if you can. He has had rather a discouraging time of it I will confess, but there is some good coming out of it I know. We cannot always see why we are oppressed, but God is our Father and as children he guides and directs us to lead us into pleasanter pastures. If only we can trust him without fear, without doubt, know

that he is all powerful, that he loves us and is going to make us into the best possible type of honorable manhood if we will let him. So tell him not to distrust God. He is his Father, he sees his needs, knows his wants and will grant his desires, perhaps not in a day, but just trust and pray for strength and guidance and in due time all things will come out for the best.

"I hope to hear from you tomorrow.

"Your loving son,

"NORMAN."

PORTRAIT AT 23. Student at Divinity School. Lay Reader at Westbrook, Ct.
From Photograph by Piper, Manchester, N. H.

CHAPTER V.

I cannot say
Beneath the pressure of life's cares today
I joy in these;
But I can say
That I had rather walk this rugged way,
If him it please.

—*Browning.*

Upon finishing his course at the Berkeley Divinity school Norman found himself so worn out physically that he was obliged to seek absolute rest. In fact, for a long time he was under the doctor's care in New York city. As soon as he had recuperated sufficiently to do so he associated himself with the missionary work there. Then he came home, and we find him busy at his studies, and giving lessons in oratory.

He was now fitted for ordination, and at the Methodist Quarterly Conference, held in Ellenburgh, N. Y., in July, 1896, he received a local preacher's license. Very much better in health, but believing that the clearer air of the southwest would prove beneficial to him, he sought for a position to preach in Arizona.

He was told that there was just such a place as he desired, but that it was occupied by one who was trying to supply two churches. It was thought this might soon be

vacated. The opening came sooner than he had expected, and one Saturday afternoon during Christmas-tide a telegram came from the Arizona Mission of the Methodist Episcopal church, saying briefly that the station was open to him, and requesting him to wire his reply at once. Now came the crucial test. In anticipation he had talked lightly of the separation from home, father and mother, and those dear to him, but now that the decisive moment had come it all seemed very different. At first the sacrifice seemed too great for him to make. In the next thought he chided himself for his selfishness. Was it such a spirit as this he had prayed, asked for, and expected? His health, his interest seemed to demand that he should go. But to one of his home-loving, mother-devoting nature the separation was almost more than he could accept. So the offer was discussed carefully until quite late in the evening, when he abruptly exclaimed in his impetuous, decisive manner:

"Mother, my mind is made up. This is just such a position as I have been looking for. I believe it is for my good to go, and I am going. Please do not mention the matter to me again, and let us pass tomorrow as if nothing of the kind was in our minds."

Conformably to his wish the subject was not broached again. The following day was spent at church and in sweet communion at home. Monday morning he telegraphed that the offer had been accepted, and that he would come as soon as convenient. That day was passed in preparing for the long journey, while the good-bys were softly, hopefully spoken to his friends. Tuesday, December 29, he and his mother spent in Boston, making a few purchases, visiting friends, and exchanging their parting counsels. The fol-

lowing day, and I speak of this particularly, for it was to prove the last day they were to spend together in the full expectation of living to enjoy others under like benign prospects, they remained at home receiving friends and discussing their plans for the future. Then the farewell kiss, the tender pressure of the hand, the low-spoken "God bless and keep you," and mother and son were separated, she to return to her burden with saddened, yet hopeful, heart, he to hasten on to his chosen work, with a full confidence and faith that the Divine power which had upheld him in his preparation would sustain and bear him on to triumph now.

His destination was the thriving town of Mesa, in Arizona, whose description I cannot do better than to leave to him, as he speaks of it in his letters written to a friend.

"MESA, ARIZ., January 12, 1897.

"According to schedule time I should have reached Phoenix at 6.30 A. M., Tuesday, January 5. Owing to delay at Kingsley, Kansas, Sunday, for eighteen hours, we were twelve hours late at Ash Forks, where we changed cars for Phoenix, reached Ash Forks at 8 A. M., Tuesday and immediately started for Phoenix, distance 197 miles.

"I have been through the White mountains, the Adirondacks, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, nearly, but I never imagined anything so grand, so overwhelmingly great, so impressive as the scenery from Ash Forks to Phoenix, over gorges and ravines, on narrow trestles, through mountains, over mountains, down mountains. The road is a marvel of civil engineering, and in ten hours time we made a descent of 4,400 feet.

"If one is delayed in reaching Ash Forks it is no cause for disappointment for this part of the trip should be made by daylight.

"From Chicago out every westerner one meets has something to say about Phoenix. "Phoenix! Ah, yes! An Adobe settlement in southern Arizona." Another will praise it.

"Rivalry is rife in the West, between states, between cities, and towns in the same state, and between individuals. Hence arises the progressive spirit, which marks the West. Arizona (you observe as soon as you enter the state) as a state is proud of Phoenix, and as soon as you cross the boundary you hear nothing but praise.

"I moved into the station at seven Tuesday evening. The tumult created by hack and cab driver was equal to that heard in Manchester. The station is a magnificent brick structure.

"Brother Chase met me there; we walked to his home about three quarters of a mile. At the station I noticed gentlemen and ladies were dressed in light clothing; the same was noticeable on the streets, which were all lighted by electricity, and electric cars plying hither and thither. Too warm to wear an overcoat, mine was on my arm. As we drew near the parsonage had I been asked my first impression of Phoenix I should have said that I should think I was in Middletown, Ct., in midsummer. The only difference between the two cities being the snap, hustle and general rush which marks all Western cities, and Phoenix especially.

"Everything in Phoenix, private houses, public buildings, all are extremely modern and ultra-substantial, and

thoroughly up to date. Glass encased sleeping rooms for summer are found everywhere.

"After supper we attended the musical at Brother Chase's church, the program of which I enclose. It is called the finest church between San Francisco and Chicago and deserves the praise. The music was excellent.

"As we walked down town in the morning I noticed streets remarkably broad, enormous palms were set out on either side the same as trees ordinarily. It was difficult to make progress on Main street as the walks were crowded, and beautiful turnouts were being driven in every direction. Flowers everywhere, and the day a perfect June day.

"After dinner we visited some of the winter hotels: the Adams is the largest, built by Chicago people. It is strictly southern in architecture and is simply grand. All hotels here have broad awning-covered balconies.

"The restaurants are thrown open. Out of door life prevails everywhere. The streets of Phoenix present a stage like appearance. Mexicans with broad hats, velvet jackets and wide velvet trowsers. Spanish women in bright, bright colors. Indians (a few), and side by side with them Chicago, Boston and New York women and men. Lots of horse back and bicycle riding. The climate is perfectly lovely, the people most gracious. It is a paradise.

"Now I will come to Mesa. It is 18 miles from Phoenix, three fourths of an hour's ride. One station is between, Tempe. Brother Chase and I came direct from the neat brick station to the bank situated in brick block on Main street. After visiting with Dr. Wilbur, the cashier, for a short time we went out to dinner, and then visited my church. It is of brick, well furnished, in fact Brother Chase called it a gem.

"Mesa as it is really:

"Climate same as Phoenix; principal industry making wine; second, cheese and fruit growing. The inhabitants wealthy farmers, no miners or rough men. Great many Mormons. They have a temple here. They are farmers by occupation. A number of nice brick blocks, broad palm-shaded streets with canals between sidewalks and driveways. The roads in Arizona are magnificent for driving. The cottages are built of brick and wood, nicely painted. Main street, concreted sidewalk. There is a large hotel accommodating 300 guests a few rods from station. It is two thirds full I am told. It is a beautiful village, thoroughly alive. Its proximity to Phoenix makes it very desirable.

"Sincerely,

"NORMAN."

"MESA CITY, Monday morning, January 25, 1897.

"MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER:

"As I was dressing this morning with two windows in my room wide open and the breath of roses and newly mown alfalfa coming in I wondered if it were possible that you were living where it was cold. It is as warm here from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. as the ordinary June or July day in the East and the evenings have a sort of spring-like coolness, which is very refreshing.

"Received two letters from you Saturday for which I was very thankful. I go to Phoenix tomorrow, remain over night.

"Brother C. and I are to attend a lecture tomorrow afternoon. How I wish you could be here and enjoy this beautiful weather. Day after day it is the same, sunshine, flowers, and birds.

"My church was filled at morning service yesterday, and my text was: "In my Father's house are many mansions. . . . I go to prepare a place for you."

"I have a Sunday school that numbers seventy-eight. The subject of my talk last evening after league meeting was "Repentance." Text: Matt. xxvii. 3-5 and Mark vi. 2.

"The Lord is blessing my work, and I am perfectly happy. Write often.

"Your loving son,
"NORMAN."

"MESA CITY, August 15, 1897.

"MY DEAR MOTHER:

"As I write the date it hardly seems possible that this month has half gone. I was never in a place where a week seemed as short as here. Every one says the same: "How quickly the time goes." Probably it is due to the even climate. Every day is the same.

"Once or twice when Miss H. was here we thought it would rain, but it did not and hasn't. Not a drop of rain has fallen to speak of since last January. The sun shines brightly every day, flowers and fruit are abundant, the sky blue as can be, every day perfect, and hot as can be. And yet, with all this heat, I never passed a more comfortable summer. The heat does not effect me in the least. I ride horse back, study, and in fact am busy one way or another all the time, and I was told that in the hot weather I could do nothing. At first it annoyed me, but in a little time I enjoyed it, and now I am not so well if the thermometer drops below one hundred. My appetite is good and I sleep well.

"Received a letter from Elder Bovard today. He is to be here the 20th, at which time I am to take the rest of my examinations for ordination. I expect to be ordained October 7.

"The little brick duck I sent you I bought in New Mexico, from the Pueblo Indians. Send Mrs. C.'s Mexican hat to her with my best wishes. The brown one is yours.

"I have the picture you sent me on the table here in front of me. We had a good service yesterday morning. Text: "Lord ever more give us this bread." My people are returning from their vacations.

"If nothing of special interest happens shall not write again until a week from today.

"With much love,
"NORMAN."

It will be observed that he mentions meeting near to his new home the Rev. Charles J. Chase, whom he had known as a kind, loving friend while he had been located at Bethlehem, N. H. No doubt the presence of this man of God in such close proximity, as well as his encouraging advice, lightened very much the burden of those days when he was finding a place in the hearts of strangers to supplement those he had lost by separation. We get a hint of the reception awaiting him from an item in the Phoenix *Daily Herald,* as he passed through that city:

Rev. Norman H. Bartlett of Manchester, New Hampshire, will arrive this evening and after a few days' stay in this city will go to Mesa City, where he will take charge of the work for the Methodist church. Mr. Bartlett is said to be a most able man, and the people of Mesa City are to be congratulated on securing his services.

The greeting accorded the young pastor was cordial, and filled with bright prospects for the future of himself and his parish. The praise of the new preacher had preceded him to this place far removed from his home, and they had been given reason to expect much. Nor were the members of the church disappointed. It is enough that he more than met their expectations. He never carried a note into the pulpit, but stood confidently free from all entanglement, speaking in a clear, perfect enunciation, and with graceful gestures, discourses that were singularly free from stilted passages and calculating sentences, but which were like the spring stream bursting from its fountain on the hillside, as pure as crystal and as sparkling as pointed diamonds.

Surrounded by pleasant environments, and encouraged by sympathizing associates, his frank, genial temperament soon won for him the friendship of all. Not only did those at the place come to hail him with delight, but the fame of Mesa's "boy preacher" was heralded to adjoining towns.

So rapidly did the young pastor win the hearts of his parishioners that, ere many months had sped by, we find he had won one for a more lasting companionship than that marked by a term whose duration was fixed by the rules and regulations of brother man. It was then

Love took up the harp of life, smote on all its chords with might,
Smote the chord of self, which trembling passed in silence out of sight.

We have seen our young preacher meet one crisis after another, among them the choice of a calling which he ac-

cepted only after severe mental probation; we have seen him reluctantly leave the home of his brighter years. I cannot feel in my heart any envy for the young man who can carelessly turn his back upon his childhood home, idly thrust aside the associations of his boyhood without a quiver upon the lips consecrated by a mother's kiss, and a huskiness in the voice a father's benediction could not clear, and face the world with an eye undimmed and a heart unmoved.

Who leaves home and all that is dear to him by early association and companionship, must inevitably meet with a loneliness that only the happy communion of a loving affinity can lighten.

To him there is a loneliness in the walks of nature; there is a loneliness in the crowd that jostles against him, upturning to him a sea of faces, but not one familiar eye, not a cheek that burns for him, not a tongue that whispers to him a word of comfort, a sign of recognition!

I have not been told the circumstances of the first meeting of this young couple whose fortunes were so soon to blend, and whose future must have a bearing with each other. Nor need I picture this. An old Scotchman once said to his only daughter, the joy and pride of his heart, with whom he was loth to part: "Jennie, my lass, it is a solemn thing to get married." She promptly replied, with characteristic shrewdness: "It may be, fayther, but to me it seems a muir solemn thing not to."

Young hearts are quick to respond to love's teaching, and we know it could not have been long before their vows had been plighted. The first of October, having completed his engagement at Mesa—a most profitable nine months' experience both to the parish and its pastor, we find him at

PORTRAIT AT 26. From Photograph taken at Mesa City, Arizona.

Phoenix. His health had improved, and he looked hopefully forward into the future. Under date of October 2, there appeared in the Phoenix *Daily Herald* the following explanatory notice:

HAPPILY WEDDED.

The Rev. Charles J. Chase, D. D., of this city, united in marriage at the home of the bride, Thursday, at 12 M., the Rev. Norman Howard Bartlett, B. A., and Miss Maude Clarke of Mesa.

Rev. Bartlett has been pastor of the First M. E. church of Mesa for the last nine months, where his unvarying kindness and courtesy have won for himself and the church many dear friends who are united in their good wishes and congratulations.

The bride, a beautiful blonde of eighteen, is the youngest daughter of Mr. Merritt Clarke, and a niece of the Favershams, Stuyvesant Square, New York. She was a member of the class of '98 at the Normal school, where her engaging personality, infinite culture, and grace have made her one of the most popular students in the school, both with students and faculty. She is also a member of the First M. E. church of Phoenix.

The groom is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Bartlett of Manchester, New Hampshire.

Among the wedding presents were many from New York and Denver friends.

The full marriage ceremony, most impressively read by Dr. Chase, was used, after which refreshments were served, and the bridal party drove to Phoenix.

A Tempe paper had this to say of the bride:

The normal school has lost one of the most popular and promising members of its class of '98 in the marriage of Miss Maude R. Clarke to Rev. Norman H. Bartlett of Mesa. The

ceremony was performed by Rev. C. J. Chase of Phoenix. Mrs. Bartlett's schoolmates showed their love and appreciation of her by sending her several nice wedding presents. Rev. Mr. Bartlett and wife will make their temporary home at the Ford in Phoenix until after the session of the M. E. conference for the Arizona mission, which takes place next week.

She was the daughter of one of the leading citizens at Mesa, and was at the time a student at the Normal school located in Tempe. She has been described as beautiful of feature, and what is of weightier consideration, of a most amiable disposition. In the promising young pastor, the embodiment of cheerfulness was made more beautiful by his religion, filling the soul with the transport of true happiness, a happiness that, blended with faith and good works, carried no frown upon his countenance nor unrest in his heart.

A great secret of his success lay in the fact that what he taught others he illustrated in himself. He went about his daily tasks with a smile upon his youthful countenance, teaching others that peace of mind was the hope of eternal felicity, doing those things, speaking those words, acting those precepts, which together or separately work for the good of those who love the Lord Jesus Christ.

CHAPTER VI.

His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellowed, but his judgment ripe.

The sixteenth annual meeting of the Arizona Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church was held at Phoenix, October 7-9, 1897, and we find the young pastor serving upon the committee of the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Educational society. At the evening session on the third day he received his regular ordination as deacon.

CERTIFICATE OF ORDINATION.

This is to certify that on Saturday, October 9, 1897, in Phoenix, Arizona, I ordained Norman H. Bartlett as deacon, according to the Ritual of the M. E. church, and that on the same day and in the same place, assisted by several elders, I also ordained Jas. A. Crouch as local elder.

JOHN P. NEWMAN.

Below is transcribed his report made in behalf of his committee which is thought worthy of preservation here:

FREEDMAN'S AID AND SOUTHERN EDUCATIONAL SOCIETY.

In one of our leading metropolitan dailies a few mornings since it was stated that in a comparatively few years the black race would be extinct in America. On account of intermarriages undoubtedly this was stated. Intermarriages

are increasing, while the necessity for higher education, business, and mechanical training is yearly becoming more apparent. All this marks a vital issue in the negro question. In all the professions and in every business representatives of the colored race are found.

Progress marks their course, and not only has the Caucasian race been instrumental in this advancement, as the founders of schools, promoters of industry and supporters of virtue, but the colored people themselves have worked along similar lines.

Illiteracy in the South among whites and blacks is yearly decreasing—the last ten years ten per cent.

Foremost among societies exclusively devoted to the interests of the southern people is the Freedman's Aid and Southern Educational society. In thirty years one hundred thousand pupils have left its halls of learning. It has now nearly fifty schools; nearly nine thousand students and five hundred instructors. Its teachers and officers are consecrated servants of God, unselfishly carrying on their noble work.

Notwithstanding decreased salaries, increased duties, and diminished contributions a grand work has been done. Let us not see it fail for lack of funds. This conference has been asked to raise one hundred dollars. The request should be met. We heartily commend to those interested in this work the *Christian Educator*, a paper devoted exclusively to all phases of the work. It should have a place in every home.

Every pastor should arouse an interest in this branch of church work.

NORMAN HOWARD BARTLETT.

The official journal for this session contains the following account of his work at Mesa:

The Rev. N. H. Bartlett was engaged to supply this newly formed charge. Under his care a goodly number have been added to the church, and the public services have been well attended. The full amount asked for benevolences has been raised.

At this session of the conference Mr. Bartlett was placed in charge of the church at Winslow, considered to be the third station in size and importance in Arizona. It is unnecessary to say that the assignment gave him much pleasure, and that he entered upon his work there with sincere devotion and earnestness.

At this time Rev. Mr. Chase, who had so long been Norman's friend and adviser, was transferred to the northern California Conference, and he was stationed at Marysville, Cal. Thus they were not only separated, but sent in opposite directions, hundreds of miles apart. Though neither realized it this was to be their last greeting, when each bade the other a tender farewell. For twenty-two years, or since Norman had been only four years of age, Brother Chase had known and loved him. Many times he had proved his attachment for his young friend, not only by the kind word fitly spoken but earnest effort which did much toward helping smooth the path of the young minister. Fortunate is the youth beyond his realization who has secured such a friendship. When we come to analyze the resources of the young man who has risen to some important and honorable position in life, we almost invariably find that his success was in a large measure secured through the loyalty and wise, kindly counsel of some faithful friend, who had had the advantage of him in more years of experience. This may not obtrude itself upon the surface of events, but somewhere, at some time, such assistance has helped him over the rough places where he must have tripped and fallen but for this guardian hand that upheld him unseen by the world. Norman Bartlett had such a friend, I believe, in Brother Chase.

Winslow is pleasantly known by the poetical name of the "White City of Arizona," and is pleasantly situated on the line of the Santa Fe railway in the valley of the Little Colorado river. The population at this time was two thousand, and I do not believe I can improve upon the following glowing tribute paid to the promising town by the *Denver Republican:*

WINSLOW, ARIZ., JUNE 30.

The White City of northeastern Arizona is building so rapidly that even its oldest inhabitant has long since ceased to marvel thereat. Within a year its population has nearly doubled, and where only a few years ago there roamed at will the warlike Apache and the treacherous Navajo, today the sweet music of the saw, the hammer, and the trains is heard, uniting in one grand symphony of modern song—a last farewell to the fast-dying American frontier. Winslow's growth is of the most substantial character. None of the shell framed shacks, jacalls and tents that ordinarily inspire talk of building booms in western towns are here in evidence. Instead there are handsome business blocks, dwellings, schoolhouses, and churches, and attractive cottage homes, all, as a rule, constructed of brick, a home product, too, which has a rich, creamy-white color, hence *The Republican's* emissary has christened Winslow Arizona's "White City."

The church was beautifully located, with shade trees and spacious grounds and the wide street in front. Upon the one hand, within sight, were a Catholic and an Episcopal church, upon the other, close by, the parsonage, newly built and tastefully ordered, where the young pastor and his beautiful wife passed seasons that came and went only too swiftly. Here, as at Mesa, his previous charge, the

FIRST M. E. CHURCH AND PARSONAGE, WINSLOW, ARIZONA.

eloquence of the "boy preacher," as he was tenderly called, attracted large numbers from week to week. At the following Christmas-tide we find him writing home to his mother:

"Although I long to see you every day, I think I wish to be with you more at this time of year than any other. It is very hard for us to be separated, isn't it? But sometime it will be all right. With many prayers for your good health, and earnest wishes for a merry Christmas to you and a glad New Year, we send you our 'Xmas Box,' with love and kisses."

I might dwell at considerable length upon this period of the life of the young pastor and his gentle companion in the cares and duties devolving upon them in their social and ministerial relations to the people whose teachers, in the highest sense, they had become. But I do not think it is necessary. There is to me, too, that element in the daily performance of the little accomplishments—the hopes and fears mingled, the little deeds of charity, the little acts of compassion, that go to make up the consummation of dreams and of work, too sacred to be treated lightly. Again, only a master can picture the matchless lights and shades thrown upon the canvas of a young life glorified by the morning sun. Vision is not far-reaching enough to paint the complete circle of noble influence swaying the hearts of his fellow-beings through a loyal devotion to high ideas. Imagination is not strong enough to revivify the soul that bows in love and reverence before the human temple that enshrines the divinity of truth and

> Discharges aright the simple duties with
> Which each day is rife.

This is all pictured, and more that I cannot say, in the following brief quotation from a sermon given at Winslow:

"O, my dear friends, in that final day when we stand before the great white throne of God if one of you, just one, can come to me and say, 'Brother, you helped me to a better, truer life,' my mission in Winslow, yea, my mission on earth will not have been in vain.

"One darkened life made bright,
One burdened heart made light,
One tear removed,
One doubt subdued,
One sinning soul made right,

would mean to me a brighter diadem than ever crowned the head of royalty or made a king."

The *Winslow Mail* of March 5, 1898, says, in commenting upon the church work:

The subject at the M. E. church last evening was, "Thou Shalt Not." With his usual tact and discretion the pastor presented the question of social evil in a scholarly and convincing manner.

As the southern winter swiftly merged into the transition period preceding summer, Mr. Bartlett was granted leave by his church to make a lecture tour, and we find in Jerome, Ariz., *Daily News*, March 23, 1898, the following, descriptive of his coming to that town:

COMING TO JEROME.

The Rev. Norman Howard Bartlett, the youngest ordained preacher in the Arizona mission—formerly of the Stanton Street mission, New York—is coming to Jerome and will preach seven nights, beginning March 24.

Rev. Bartlett is a thorough cosmopolitan. Nothing narrow, onesided or sectarian about him—a friend to everybody and every one is his friend. Nothing could better illustrate this than a little incident which recently occurred in Winslow. He is at present pastor of the First M. E. church there.

For months the town had been deluged with "temperance reform." And when antagonism was at its height, Rev. Bartlett announced that he would preach on "Intemperance" the following Sunday night.

The night came. The church was crowded—people standing at the doors and looking in at the windows. Every saloon in the town was represented.

Before the reverend preacher had spoken ten minutes every man and woman in the house was with him. They saw that he knew what he was talking about. He didn't call the man who used liquor a contemptible beast, or the man who sold it a deputy of Satan. But logically and kindly he painted the evils of intemperance.

The result was that "the boys" stand by him today to the man. Every Sunday night finds them at church. "Standing room only" is always the order. And they even went so far as to organize a Bible class.

One of his sermons here will be "How Drunkards are Made." And every man, woman and child in Jerome should hear it.

Two days later this same paper speaks of his first meeting in the following language:

THE BOY PREACHER.

The seating capacity of the Baptist church was taxed last evening by the large congregation which gathered to listen to the eloquent pulpit orator, the Rev. Norman Howard Bartlett. His subject was, "The Rope that Hangs." From beginning to end his sermon was logical, scholarly, convincing, and intensely dramatic.

These kind words are following from day to day by others:

PACKED TO THE DOORS.

The largest congregation that ever gathered in Jerome was present at the Baptist church last evening to hear the truly phenomenal preacher, the Rev. Norman Howard Bartlett. His equal has never been heard in Jerome. His powers of description are matchless, his absolute command of the English language wonderful, while his ability to reach the heart can be appreciated only by those who have heard him. Every seat was filled, the rostrum steps were converted into seats. Chairs were in the aisles, and every available inch of standing room occupied. And of all the members there was hardly one dry eye in the house when the speaker ended his plea for converts. We understand an offer has been made Rev. Bartlett to accept a pastorate here. We need just such a man. He is a thorough gentleman and a credit to any community. The matter of salary should not stand in the way when it comes to securing a preacher of his ability.

Tonight is his last night in Jerome. "Hypocrites and Humbugs" is the subject announced.

AN UNIQUE PREACHER.

Rev. N. H. Bartlett of Winslow, held services here from Thursday until Tuesday night. He came well advertised, and from the first large crowds attended each night. Mr. Bartlett is an unique preacher. His themes are attractive and his presentation of the truth is forcible. His language is not ambiguous, as he "calls a spade a spade." The most striking feature of the man is his dramatic power. He is a finished elocutionist, and in stage effect is not surpassed by any one we have seen in this part of the country. At first the exercise of this remarkable power arouses a prejudice in the minds of those who expect a preacher to wear a board in the back of his coat so he won't bend; yet, as one becomes better ac-

quainted and realizes the intense earnestness of the man, this prejudice disappears and the listener finds the truth presented only the more forcible for this improvement on ordinary methods. On Sunday night the regular pastor tendered the pulpit to Mr. Bartlett. The house was packed to suffocation, while the preacher presented a strong appeal to follow the way of right and to have high and holy ambitions. Mr. Bartlett will leave in Jerome many friends who have been helped by him and who wish him success in his work.

FAREWELL SERMON.

The usual throng which has gathered in the Baptist church the past week greeted the "boy preacher," Rev. Norman Howard Bartlett, last night to hear his farewell sermon, "Hypocrites and Humbugs." The speaker fully sustained his reputation here as a preacher of remarkable power. And he leaves behind many warm friends. It is rarely a preacher comes among us who meets all men, all classes, with the unvarying courtesy and geniality of Rev. Bartlett.

At the close of his sermon he said, in part: "Notwithstanding I am only a 'boy' will you permit me to say a few words in praise of your city. During my stay among you I have found many kind friends. I have seen with pleasure the air of thrift and prosperity which marks your streets and business houses. You have in your midst men who are educated, energetic and reliable. You have a daily paper, second to none in the territory, a morning paper conducted on thoroughly metropolitan lines. Give it your co-operation. You have a fine church building. I am told you have a $40,000 pay-roll. There is no reason why you should not give a competent support to an able preacher. Jerome is worthy of the best the church can supply. You have here the nucleus of a city. A church is a civilizing influence in any community."

This was followed by kindly words for the Rev. Thompson's work, after which the reverend gentleman bade each one good-by as they left the church.

It is not necessary to extend wishes for success to "the boy preacher." It is sure to attend a man of his calibre.

Jerome is worthy of the best, and we may hear the Rev. Bartlett here again—and permanently.

Upon his return to his charge the *Winslow Mail*, April 2, has this to say:

The regular services at the Methodist Episcopal church were resumed last Sunday, the pastor having returned from a very successful trip to Jerome. We are glad the people of Jerome enjoyed our "boy preacher," but are sorry they anticipate "hearing him again and permanently," as we have no intention of letting Mr. Bartlett go. No, he hasn't "a board up his back" or wheels in his head, but he knows how to preach and how to keep his church full every Sunday night for the past six months, which no other preacher before him has done. The subject next Sunday evening is "The Devil." We hope all his friends (the preacher's) will be present.

CHAPTER VII.

The joys that fill to overflowing
The measure of the rounding years
Are seeds that spring from shallow sowing,
To gather life from the dew of tears.

So the spring, with its sunshine and its showers wore away, and the young pastor and his wife began to watch day by day for the little life which was to enter into theirs, to bind their hearts closer and closer together and make all the world seem to draw nearer to them. Then on the twenty-third of July came to mingle its hopes and fears with them, the baby, the boy, the son. Mother and child seemed in excellent health. Congratulations poured in, and there was no shadow thrown over the happy home.

But all too soon there came doubts and tremblings. The little one was not well, the doctor looked solemn and said little. The father christened his new-found charge after his old-time friend, Hamilton, the name having for him a pleasant ring in its sound that none other had.

"How is Hamilton today, Doctor?"

Only he who has been a father, only he who has stood, as the young pastor did, by the couch of his feverish little one in whom he had already centered so many hopes, such is the weakness of the human heart, can understand the depth and meaning of the question. The answer was not

satisfactory. The attempt to appear hopeful showed, as nothing else could, that there were grave fears in the good doctor's mind.

These fears grew more grounded with each visit. Friends now asked with softened interest after Hamilton; the father prayed as he had never prayed before. Ay, prayer is but empty speech until one has prayed for one's own. Hamilton, in spite of medical skill, of careful nursing, of father's prayer, rapidly weakened, pined away, and on the morning of September 6, the bud unfolded into full blossom, but it was the bloom of eternal life, not the slow opening of this.

And that sad hour this bereaved couple found themselves sitting in the midst of that great majority in affliction, wondering in dumb amazement why this bereavement need be visited upon them in the divine dispensation of a just God, almost forgetting that elsewhere broken families were weeping—some over the loss of a husband and father taken in the very prime of life, when he could be so ill spared, others bowed under the removal of a mother, who it seemed, was never needed so much; here one weeping over a son cut down in the flower of early manhood, with all the bright promises of a golden fruitage before him; there one of a couple, united for life only a few days before, now left lonely and desolate, the departed loved one having passed into eternity suddenly, without even a whispered word of farewell. So, on and on, through every stage of grief, and every shade of life we may go, until we ask in husky voice, without the courage to lift our gaze upward: "Why is it so? Why are we not given the strength to live out the allotted span of years; to improve given opportunities; to retrieve

some of our errors; at least allowed a chance to prove our metal? In other words why are we not spared until, worn out with our work, life has no further attractions?" I can make no better reply than that of the poet, Webster:

> Summer's fragrant rose shall blow
> Sweeter in the early year;
> And the joys of long ago
> Bye and bye shall reappear.

Why weep for the child? There can be no pang in death, no loss. If there is any truth in God's word, then all has been gained, nothing lost. Saved the trials, the doubtful triumphs, the dreams unfulfilled, the friends lost, the confidence shaken, the doubt, the reality—all these have been spared, and in the innocence of untried childhood the little life has returned to the great Giver, to mingle for eternity, without probation, without the humiliation of regret, among the purest, the brightest of God's heavenly ones. Gone out from earth softly, sweetly, beautifully,

> As the amber of the clouds
> Changes into silver gray.

And the mirror of life reflected the haunting baby face summoned home, the one image forever young, forever bright against the dark background of the past.

His year in Winslow now drawing to a close, while still bowing under the burden of his grief, Mr. Bartlett wrote the following letter to his parishioners, showing by its hopeful tone how bravely he was meeting his affliction:

PASTORAL LETTER.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:

In the retrospection which always greets one at the close of a period of work I look back upon the year I have been among you with pleasure, yet with a strain of sadness. I have found noble men and consecrated women—friends who socially have been most hospitable, and who in the hour of sorrow have helped to lift the veil by sympathizing word and fervent prayer. Ever will you hold a treasured spot in memory.

As occasion has arisen when your assistance was required in the maintenance of the church, I have unhesitatingly presented our needs and *never* have you disappointed us. The bread thus cast upon the waters will return. As He hath prospered you in the past, so will He in the days to come.

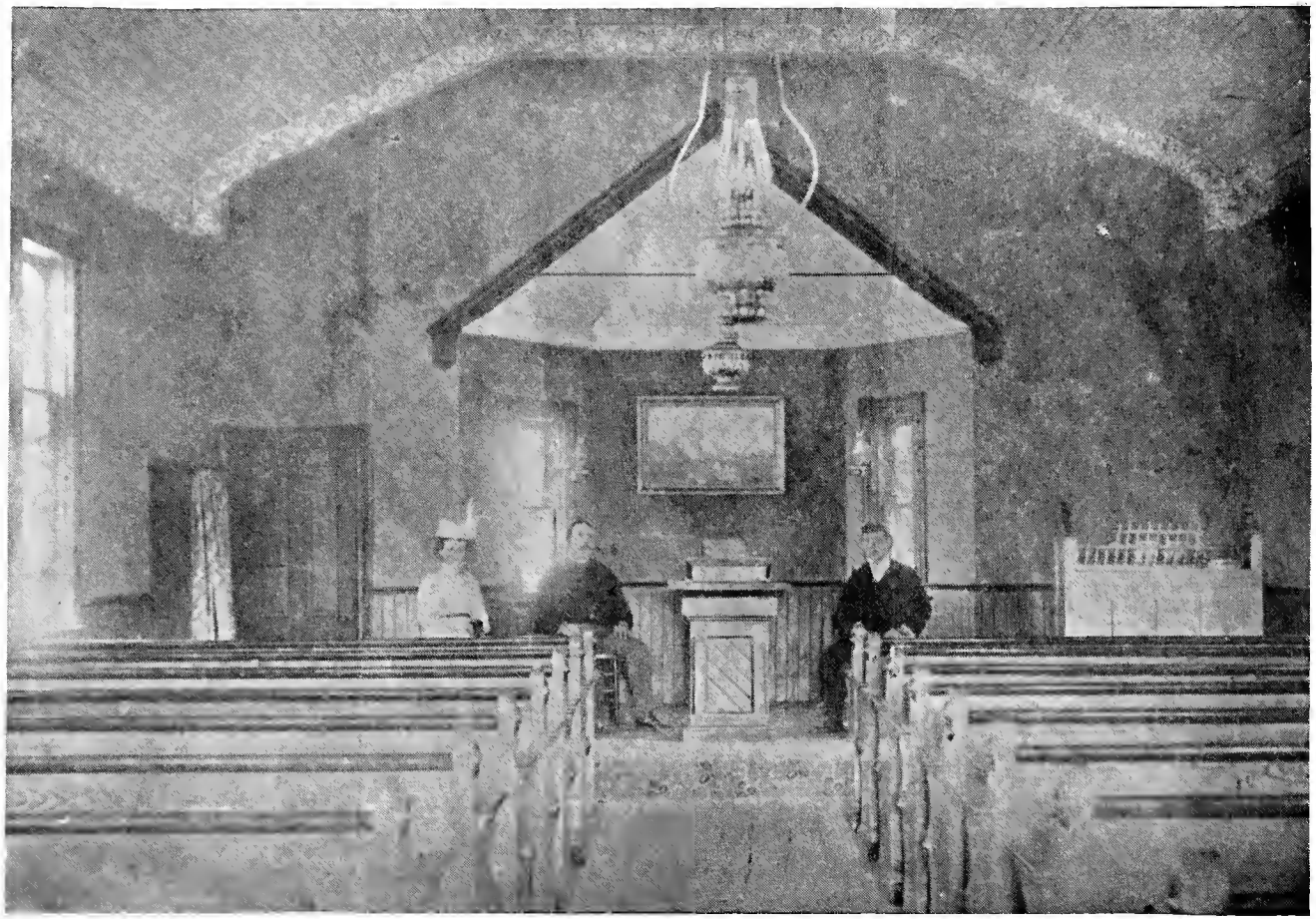
If, in the all-wise dispensation of our church, I am returned to this charge, it will be with a full consciousness of the serious and manifold duties another year will offer. We shall meet again by the couch of sickness, and by the bier of death, in the house of rejoicing, and in the house of sorrow. Alone, I would be unable to rightly minister to you. But with that help which cometh from on high, and with that grace and power which your prayers will bring, I shall try in the future, as in the past, in all ways to be your faithful servant in Christ.

And now I would commend you to God, and to the word of His grace which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified.

NORMAN HOWARD BARTLETT.

Methodist Episcopal Parsonage, Winslow.

September 19, 1898.



INTERIOR OF M. E. CHURCH, WINSLOW, ARIZONA.

REV. AND MRS. BARTLETT, AND PRESIDING ELDER THOMPSON.

The seventeenth annual meeting of the Methodist Episcopal conference was held at Tucson, Arizona, September 30, to October 3, 1898, Bishop Hearst presiding. Mr. Bartlett was accompanied by Mrs. Bartlett to the conference in Tucson, and on their way they visited in Phoenix several days, also spending a day at her home in Mesa. Upon the special request of the members of the church at Winslow Mr. Bartlett was returned for another year, his work being highly satisfactory to the mission as well as to his parishioners. He was always a zealous advocate of the judicious distribution of tracts, and in the official journal of this meeting we find the following communication embodied in the reports:

"TRACT SOCIETY.

"The potent influence of tracts for awakening religious interest was never brought so forcibly to our notice as at a week's revival held at Jerome, Arizona, the latter part of March last. It was a season fraught with fervor and power. The seating capacity of the church was nightly taxed. And to a large degree we attribute the attendance and the results to the morning distribution of from three to four hundred tracts. These were placed in the various eating houses in conspicuous places on the street, and in the hands of the miners. In each instance they had a special bearing on the sermon of the evening. And, almost without exception, each day found some one, tract in hand, seeking the pastor for instruction and enlightenment.

"Discretion should be exercised in the selection of tracts. Avoid sensational and startling titles. Choose, the rather, such subjects and reading matter as will appeal to deliberate perusal.

"With choice thus modified, we should earnestly commend the use of pamphlets throughout the mission—not only at revivals, but in pastoral visitation. They may be the seed which 'fell into good ground, and brought forth fruit, some an hundred fold, some sixty fold, some thirty fold.' And, although 'the laborers are few,' 'the harvest truly is great.' Let us, therefore, prayerfully and with faith, avail ourselves of all the means which the Master has placed in our hands for reaching souls, 'that our garners may be full.'

"NORMAN HOWARD BARTLETT."

Touched deeply with the sorrow of their loss, the young pastor and his wife passed quietly and hopefully the following year. Mrs. Bartlett's brother, Mr. Harley D. Clarke, came to Winslow July 1, 1898, to become principal of the Winslow school for a year, living with them at the parsonage during the time. A very close friendship soon sprang up between the brothers-in-law, which lasted until the death of Mr. Bartlett. Indeed, they were to each other all that the kinship of blood denoted, and always addressed each other as brother. Mr. Clarke's affectionate tribute to his brother will be found among the others who have desired to express their feelings of admiration and friendship of him whose memory they cherish. So the weeks rolled into months, and the months made up another year, when we find Norman re-elected to his charge at Winslow, the faith in his good work becoming stronger year by year.

But if experience and tender solicitude for his charge was giving him a wider and deeper influence, it had become apparent, before this time, that he was breaking down under

the strain. His constitution seemed unable to meet the demands he made upon it. Illness after illness, each leaving him weaker than the preceding one, succeeded, until he was obliged to abandon much of his work that he shrank from giving up. His parishioners now missed his cheering visits, and his voice was less and less frequent in public meetings outside of his church. He had always taken a great interest in education, but he now found his strength taxed to its utmost to prepare and deliver his regular sermons.

Upon recovering from one of his attacks of illness, which in a measure baffled the skill of his physician, he wrote to his mother:

"I regret that you should have taken my slight illness so seriously. As you think of this you will consider that it is of little consequence whether I die now or ten years from now; also whether I die in Winslow or Manchester, the time nor the place matters not to me. Death is inevitable, whether you or I go first the other must soon follow, and whether we go from the east or the west, it is the same so long as we meet in Heaven. Now isn't that right?"

Finally the day came when he was obliged to yield to the inevitable, and he gave up his charge at Winslow, with tearful regrets on the part of his flock as well as his own, and March 1, 1900, sought a change of climate, hoping that he might be benefited by so doing. Whenever it came convenient he supplied different churches, meeting with a cordial reception everywhere he went. A considerable portion of this time he was doing evangelistic work, which proved exceedingly pleasant to him, and to which by nature he was especially adapted, so that he met with great success wherever he was. He supplied the church in Needles for a

time, and from there went to Barstow, both places in Southern California, where he was joined by his wife. Together they went to Bakersfield, where he remained three months in that delightful Californian climate, though she was obliged to return home to her relatives somewhat sooner. Just before Thanksgiving he joined her at Lyndon, remaining with her until the day before Christmas, when he went to Winslow. With his health somewhat restored he was already planning another lecture tour, he and his wife having decided to meet at Minneapolis, Minn., where his mother was staying, when spring came.

Before starting out upon his proposed lecture tour, Mr. Bartlett delivered his address, "To Hell in a Pullman," for what proved to be his last audience in Winslow. This was on the evening of January 19, 1901.

To Hell in a Pullman.

Under the management of Winslow Lodge, B. P. O. Elks, Rev. Norman Bartlett gave his celebrated lecture, "To Hell in a Pullman," in the opera house, Saturday evening, January 12.

To give a résumé of the lecture would be impossible. From the time the speaker began until the close, sarcasm, clever humor, patriotism, history, mythology, tragedy, poetry, science, literature, art, philosophy, and twentieth century society foibles followed in such kaleidoscopic succession that the audience, to an individual, was held with the closest attention. Only a man with a deep penetrative faculty, a logical mind, a thorough understanding of men, broad experience, and an intimate knowledge of books could have written such a lecture. Without exception, "To Hell in a Pullman" is the most interesting, entertaining and instructive lecture we have ever heard. Simply because it deals with vital and current

topics, supporting, surrounding, and enforcing the main thought by all the auxiliaries which study of books and men can furnish. There is not a dry line or a dull moment from first to last. This may be partly due to the speaker's delivery, which is exceptionally attractive.—*Winslow Mail.*

But this plan was not to be fulfilled. Already he had found that his strength was not equal to the task he set before himself. Then he was invited to lecture in the beautiful town of Albuquerque, to the society of Rebeccas, and on the evening of January 29, 1901, he lectured again before the Order of Eastern Star, suffering an attack of severe illness immediately after. He remained under the care of a physician until he had recuperated sufficiently to make the journey, when he cancelled all other engagements for lectures, and went to Minneapolis, where his mother was connected with a young ladies' school in that city.

One of the best physicians in the city was called upon his arrival, and Norman improved rapidly under his treatment, until at the end of seven months he was in better health than he had been for years. He had been advised to remain in that climate, as he needed the high altitude and dry atmosphere of Minnesota for the bronchial trouble from which he was suffering.

CHAPTER VIII.

If thought unlock her mysteries,
If friendship on me smile,
I walk in marble galleries,
I talk with kings the while.

Patient toiling at little tasks carries the burden to the summit of success, where the full meaning and shape of one's career dawns upon him. So the loftiest gifts with which we are endowed are developed by the slow and steady progress of ceaseless endeavor, the fulfillment of little duties, the accomplishment of each day's work without the loss of an opportunity. The Dispenser of man's joys and sorrows, the Distributer of his qualities of mind and body, gives to each as it seems meet, and it really matters little whether he be blessed with those attributes which shall illumine far and wide the pathway of his fellow-beings, like a dazzling orb, or whether his light shall be like that of a taper set at the pane of an humble window to shed its feeble rays across the course of some weary traveler, for a little while, and then expire. The principle in either case is the same, the result proves that each individual has his function to perform according to his strength and his will.

With Norman Bartlett the body was weak, but the will was strong. We find that he had not been in Minneapolis over a week before he was arranging for a class of pupils

in oratory. To his restless, impatient, industrious temperament there was no greater source of fatigue than in the unrest of inactivity. It was well known even here that he had mastered to a marked degree the art of public speaking, so it was an easy matter to collect a class to come under his instruction.

As a teacher he was highly successful, possessing the happy faculty of imparting something of his own enthusiasm, his own resolution of purpose, without which no teacher can become truly efficient, and he soon proved here the fruits of his efforts in his results. Looking about for a broader field of labor, he conceived the idea that a class in the study of oratory might be successfully formed among the students of the College of Law at the University of Minnesota in that city. Speaking to the dean, and finding him friendly toward the project, he prepared to address a meeting with his usual promptness, and at that meeting delivered one of his masterpieces of forensic talent, entitled "The Survival of the Fittest," extracts from which are given among his papers and addresses in a separate chapter. The class thus quickly formed proved a great success.

During the summer vacation he remained in the city, giving private instruction to pupils who remained in town. When the school opened at the university in September, he organized three classes: Class A, twenty-four members; Class B, twenty-seven members; Class C, twenty-two members. He also had a class of twenty at the Minneapolis academy. This he met twice a week in the afternoon. Many of the students from both of these schools came to his home for private instruction. He had also private pupils. In fact, his program for each day during the months

was crowded, often some student from the College of Law would come after ten o'clock P. M., and in case of some debate he frequently spent his time with the student until two o'clock the following morning. He could not have accomplished this work had he not been exceedingly systematic, having his duties clearly defined, and going from class to class or from pupil to pupil at dates and hours always fixed ahead.

Still there seemed no limit to his endeavor, and in September of this year we find him accepting the position of critic of the Blackstone Literary Society of Minneapolis, and soon after the following mention of the fact was given in the Minneapolis *Alumni Weekly*:

> September 30, 1901. The Blackstone Literary society has secured the services of Professor Bartlett for the remainder of the year. Professor Bartlett is a master in the department of oratory and debating, and the Blackstone society is to be congratulated.

During the fall and winter he lectured several times. Among other places at Lake Benton on the eve of the 25th of October, and on the following evening at Minneota. His subject at both places was "To Hell in a Pullman." At both places the houses were crowded, and the lecture was received with high praise.

These lectures were arranged by Mr. H. B. Gislason, one of the students at the College of Law, and a native of Minneota, who in speaking of them in a letter to his mother says:

"Owing to poor railway connections we had to drive thirty-five miles across the country to reach the latter place.

It was a beautiful autumn day and the drive was one of the pleasantest I ever enjoyed. It was during this trip that I learned to know Mr. Bartlett's marvelous powers as an entertainer."

The following report of the lecture was given by a local paper:

> This was the first lecture given under the auspices of the Minneota Lecture course committee, and the holders of the season tickets will certainly never regret their investment if all of the entertainments furnished in this series come anywhere near this one in point of excellency. After the lecture Mr. Bartlett gave several dramatic readings, which in themselves were well worth the price of the admission. There is no doubt in our mind that Mr. Bartlett is the most finished orator and dramatic reader that has ever appeared before an Minneota audience.

This art was now his absorbing passion. His merits appreciated, he was encouraged to push on to greater and higher effort, which was always his motto. The true orator appears but seldom in the history of the race, so that it seems as if no gift is so rare. This has been the case in all generations and under all stages of development. In the twilight of Grecian glory Philip of Macedon is found offering a town of ten thousand inhabitants for an ally gifted with this truly divine power. While we may be able to mention a long list of masters in all other arts, we can enumerate upon our fingers' ends the names of those who have won imperishable renown through the power of their eloquence. While Greece can boast of her three great poets, she must be content with the memory of one Demosthenes. Rome, in all her greatness, produced but a single Cicero.

So it has been from the beginning, with lesser powers and prestiges more fleeting. If, as it may be said, the triumphs of the orator are more ephemeral than those of him who speaks by the pen, yet must the latter miss the inspiration of the music, the waving of handkerchiefs, and the applause of responsive hearts.

Mr. Bartlett was a member of the Masonic and Elk lodges, and popular in both. The estimation in which he was held is shown by the fact that he was unanimously chosen to deliver the annual memorial address before the Minneapolis Lodge, No. 44, B. P. O. E., in 1901, when more than five hundred people witnessed the ceremonies, and the Minneapolis *Times* had this to say of the young orator:

> The memorial address, a master-piece of beauty, both in thought and diction, was delivered by Norman Howard Bartlett, a member of the Minneapolis Lodge, No. 44, B. P. O. E., who spoke in an impressive and affecting maner. Mr. Bartlett is an orator of great power, and his grasp upon his hearers was secure from the first sound of his voice.

Another local paper, *The Critic,* under date of December 9, 1901, spoke in the succeeding pleasant terms of the address.

> Brother Norman H. Bartlett delivered the Memorial address. This task was given to him as a recognition that though well deserved was also an honor seldom accorded one so young. Mr. Bartlett embodies all that is desirable in an orator. He has a most delightful voice, a charming presence, and thorough appreciation of dramatic possibilities. From first to last he held his audience with the closest attention.

He was lecturing frequently now, in addition to attending to his other duties, and on Wednesday, January 8, 1902,

he was induced to lecture at Tracy, Lyon county, Minn. The manner in which he was received here is shown by the words of a local paper: "Rev. Mr. Bartlett's lecture at Syndicate hall, Wednesday evening, was a masterly effort. Eloquent, dramatic, fiery, and pathetic, it held the audience spellbound throughout. It is not often one has the opportunity in a small town like Tracy to listen to such a scholarly, polished orator as is Rev. Bartlett. Few platform speakers equal him in so many points of excellence."

On Thursday evening, January 16, he lectured at the Agricultural college, before a large and appreciative audience. The Minneapolis *Times* of the next day says:

At the agricultural school last night Norman Howard Bartlett appeared as the fourth attraction in the university lecture course, which is under the management of Professor Vye. Over five hundred students were present, and they were unanimous in pronouncing the lecture the star feature of the course. As an orator Mr. Bartlett is regarded as one of the ablest speakers among the younger men of the northwest.

So we find that during all of his time while in Minneapolis he was frequently called upon to give readings, sketches, and monologues throughout the "Twin Cities." And ever he was considered second to none as a reader and entertainer. I cannot refrain, at the risk of becoming tiresome, from adding another of the many compliments paid him by the press everywhere he went.

UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA, April 27, 1902.

One of the strongest addresses of the year at the Y. M. C. A. was the one given Sunday by Professor N. H. Bartlett. The combination of powerful eloquence and thoroughly practical teachings was enjoyed by the members present.—*Minnesota Daily.*

He was frequently called upon to give addresses before the different schools, and especially in the month of May gave several that proved particularly pleasing and helpful. Speech alone is but a train of empty words, and it is only when the speaker enters thoroughly into the spirit of what he says that marked and beneficial results follow. In this lay the secret of Norman Bartlett's success in his chosen vocation. Here we see the importance of selecting carefully one's pursuit in life. It means more than entering indifferently the first path that seems to open to him looking for a position. Rather first satisfy yourself it is the one calling into which you are willing to throw all of your energies and lend a lifetime of usefulness to carry forward into perfection—into a complete development of whatever talent you possess. To him who has the courage to put himself to the test, and who has not makes a miserable failure of such gifts as were given him, it is not the makeshift of the present but the foundation for his future welfare, all that success in life means.

The school year finished in June. It had been one of his busiest and probably the most successful in Mr. Bartlett's brilliant career. But it left him more broken in health than ever. Again his ambition had overstepped his strength. During his vacation he gave some private lessons, but fewer than had been his practice in years gone by. He realized as he had not before the necessity of rest.

The summer months passed very pleasantly with him and his mother, and at their close he prepared to resume his duty with renewed strength and greater faith on the part of both that he would be able to perform his work without breaking down, especially if he carried out his purpose of carefully keeping within the bounds of his physical ability.

He had found that lecturing, which allowed him greater liberty and opportunity to throw aside temporarily the cares of his school duties materially benefited him. He was thus pleased to receive an offer of the professorship of oratory from the Luther Theological seminary in Hamline, situated about midway between Minneapolis and St. Paul, "the Twin Cities." This position would make his duties somewhat lighter than those at the state university, and allow him freer scope to follow his favorite wish to do more lecturing. So, though not without serious hesitation in thus severing his pleasant associations at the latter place, he accepted the invitation and entered upon his duties there at once, holding the position until he was forced to stop work entirely through the complete failure of his health in March of the following year.

The loss felt among his pupils at the state university by his change is expressed by the Minnesota *Daily*, October 24, 1902:

> The friends and pupils of Professor Norman H. Bartlett will regret to learn that his lecture work will compel him to desist from organizing classes in the law college this year. Great credit is due Mr. Bartlett for the interest in oratory which has been created in the college. His work last year was a practical course in the art of expression, and his success was evidenced in the men who trained with him.

In the autumn of 1902 Mr. Bartlett, always hoping that a change of surroundings might prove beneficial to his health, opened a lecture tour which not only fascinated him with the allurements of his beloved profession, but held promises that might well have encouraged a less sanguine

temperament. He filled many engagements in different towns and cities throughout the state, under the auspices of churches, schools, and societies. As was his custom, he frequently supplemented his evening discourses with monologues, dramatic readings, and declamations.

Following one of these pleasant occasions the following personal tribute was paid the young lecturer, which seems to be worthy of preservation, speaking as it does volumes for his untiring genius:

SLEEPY EYE, MINN., November 6, 1902.

Those who missed the lecture last night at the Auditorium missed a treat. The committee made no mistake in securing Mr. Norman Howard Bartlett for a lecture, as Mr. Bartlett is certainly a master of his profession. His lecture on "To Hell in a Pullman" is a lecture that ought to be heard by every one interested in the problems of the day. Every student, preacher, lawyer, and in fact all, who have the well-being of the public at heart, ought to hear it, for it brings home the facts as they are, and without vulgarity gives the worst side of the superficial life lived by the sinners in Tinsel.

Mr. Bartlett is forceful, terse, and magnetic to a large degree, and those who hear him once will hear him again. Sleepy Eye can congratulate herself that she had such a lecture for her people, and the people ought to crowd the Auditorium every time such talent comes here.—(*Rev.*) *Thos. W. Barbour, Ph. D.*

Mr. Bartlett now looked forward hopefully to a season of lecturing, which would prove profitable and beneficial to him. He had arranged for several dates, when an invitation came from Portland, Oregon, to deliver the memorial address before the members of the Portland Lodge of Elks. One of the city papers refers to this invitation, with the following:

GOES TO OREGON TO LECTURE.

Rev. Norman Howard Bartlett, whose fame as an orator and lecturer, is fast becoming national, will leave Wednesday for Portland, Oregon, where by invitation he will deliver the Elks' memorial address, December 7. His lecture Sunday afternoon at the Y. M. C. A. on "Shams of Society" was among the best from a practical, helpful, and enjoyable standpoint that has ever been listened to in this city.

The feelings of the young orator may be imagined, as he set out upon his long journey to answer the generous summons to meet his brother Elks so far away. It was indeed no slight honor to be invited half way across the continent to participate in the leading role on such an occasion. It was not because they lacked good speakers on the Pacific slope, but it was because the fame of Brother Bartlett had gone far and wide. The brothers who had heard him the year before in Minneapolis had sounded his praise abroad, until their associates in Portland had asked for the privilege to listen to the orator who had captivated them, and bound them in the "silver chords of speech."

On his part was a secret burden, which his cheerful countenance ever concealed with a brave purpose at the heart. In his weakened condition it was at first thought doubtful if he could stand such a long and trying journey, so the family physician was consulted. After a careful consideration of the situation, he decided that with proper care and such comforts as could be provided by modern ways of travel that he might make the trip with safety, while there was a possibility that the change might prove beneficial. With his sanguine temperament, ever ready to grasp at a straw and cling tenaciously to a purpose, Mr. Bartlett had decided upon this to accept the offer.

The journey was accomplished without serious fatigue to Mr. Bartlett, and upon reaching his destination he was accorded a most cordial welcome. The proverbial generosity of the Elks was now exemplified in the highest degree, and there was nothing they would not do to make pleasant the visit of their brother.

It had been already arranged to hold the exercises in the Marquam grand opera house on the afternoon of December 7. It was apparent at the outset that the large building would be filled, but the expectations of the most hopeful did not compass the result. Seldom had such a large audience met in the house which "was packed from orchestra pit to gallery, hundreds stood up and hundreds were turned away." The *Evening Telegram,* in commenting upon this large audience, gives a prominent place of credit to the fact that "The memorial address was delivered by Rev. Norman Howard Bartlett of Minneapolis, one of the most eloquent speakers in the country," and goes on to say:

> Rev. Mr. Bartlett won the large audience from the start, and with the magnetic fervor of his matchless eloquence held his hearers until the close of one of the most beautiful addresses ever listened to in Portland. He possesses an excellent command of the choicest language, and a voice at once sympathetic and clear.

Another Portland paper of the same date says:

> Rev. Norman Howard Bartlett is a speaker of national reputation, and those who have heard him pronounce him one of the most eloquent speakers in the country.

Being urgently requested to do so and feeling that he was equal to the task, on the following Friday, December 12, he

gave his famous lecture, "To Hell in a Pullman," before a large and appreciative audience. Here, as elsewhere, the press was fulsome in its praise, and among other pleasant notices were given the following:

MR. BARTLETT'S LECTURE.

All who had the pleasure of hearing Norman Howard Bartlett in his celebrated lecture, "To Hell in a Pullman," are agreed that this is one of the best lectures given in Portland in years. In diction the lecture was an epic, while its delivery stamped Mr. Bartlett as one of the foremost orators of the day. The speaker has a remarkably elastic voice, and portrays all shades of passion with consummate skill. As an elocutionist he is an artist. The lecture dealt with the conventional shams of society, and while many of the declarations and deductions were probably not new they were certainly clothed in new language. Those who heard the speaker will have food for thought for years to come, and should Mr. Bartlett ever return to the city he will be assured of a warm reception.

Finding that his health would not permit him to continue his lecture work here, as much as he would have been pleased to do so, he declined further engagements, and returned to Minneapolis. While the trip had not seemed to impair his strength, it had not afforded him the benefit he had confidently anticipated. Perhaps more than ever before he realized that he was surely losing ground in his long and earnest battle with his old-time enemy that knew neither compassion nor the hope of man in whatever station it might find him.

Keeping up with remarkable fortitude, he continued to give instruction to his class in oratory, and filled a few dates in Minnesota with his favorite lecture.

The end is near. There is a limit to the strength of the overtaxed body. His was a determined fight to keep up, which makes the final scene the deeper in its pathetic interest. The last time he stood before a public audience was in Duluth, of which effort it was said:

January 17, 1903. "To Hell in a Pullman" drew a large audience last night at the high school. Norman Howard Bartlett, the lecturer, impressed the audience as being a very fluent speaker in spite of the bad cough which compelled him to pause frequently, and as one gentleman was heard to say when leaving, "He hits straight from the shoulder." Mr. Bartlett was brought to Duluth by the Duluth lodge of Elks.

His lecture was a clear, concise and logical attack on the social shams of today. His subject matter is not of the anarchistic and fanatical style so common with social reformers, but is impressive from the clear insight into social problems and the earnestness of the lecturer.—*Duluth Tribune.*

It was described by another Duluth paper as a masterly discussion of present conditions, and was gemmed from beginning to end with polished epigrams and beautifully rounded periods.

It was rich with thought, and a word picture of vivid and beautiful effects. The sentiment of the audience is fittingly summed up in the words of Bishop McGolrick, who said to the young talker, as he was leaving the hall: "It is the finest lecture I have heard in years."

Every sentence had the elegance of fine literary finish and the whole is a rich fabric of thought and style, making evident a minute acquaintance with the classics and a ready knowledge of history, current and past. The lecturer is plainly a deep and potent student of the social problem, and adds to his clearness of deduction and fine diction a pleasing and forceful delivery.

From this time he devoted himself exclusively to his pupils, and trying to recuperate his wasted strength. Each day, however, saw him growing weaker, and his class at the seminary looked anxiously forward to the change which they felt was inevitable.

CHAPTER IX.

Why do we call it dying,
This sweet going away?

Professor Bartlett met his class at the Luther Theological seminary for the last time upon the thirteenth of March. There was no leave-taking, no good-bys spoken, except such as would pass between a teacher and his pupils who expected to meet again the following week. He knew, and they feared, these pleasant relations were likely to be rudely broken ere long, but the hope of young hearts is ever strong. He had lived with his mother since coming to Minneapolis. The couple, between whom the ties that bind mother and son were indissoluble, had lived for a time at No. 2524 Stevens avenue, south, but were now living at the beautiful residence of Dr. P. S. Calkins at the corner of First avenue and Eleventh streets. They lived here over a year. He had been gradually failing in strength since his return from the West. It did not appear that he had really suffered from the trip, but it had failed to afford him the benefit which had been fondly hoped it might. The best medical experts in the city had examined his lungs and pronounced them sound, with the exception of a slight irritation upon the right side. It was believed that this would pass away without danger. Still he was so weak Monday morning that all thoughts of returning to his duties were temporarily,

if not permanently, abandoned. His mother had severed her connection with the Young Ladies' school in June, 1902, and since then had given her undivided attention to him. The best medical skill to be obtained was interested in his behalf. Though he, in spite of treatment, continued to grow weaker in body, yet his mind never lost its vigor. In his hours of patient suffering we find him often occupied with thoughts of his early home. Already he had written to his aunt in a spirit of prophecy:

"You know how dear the place of my birth has always been to me, although I have traveled so much the last few years, and slighted my relatives and friends there. I often think still that there is no place in the world, and no people who occupy so warm a place in my heart as Ellenburgh, my dear Aunt Phebe, Uncle Gilie, my good Brother Rogers, Brother Jimmie Higgins, dear old St. Peter's church, and every foot of ground around the village. And so when that day comes when I know I must stop work and prepare for my last trip, then I will precede it by going to Ellenburgh, that I may rest beside those who knew and loved me when I was a boy."

On the tenth of April, upon the advice of his physician, Mr. Bartlett was taken to a private sanitarium, where he remained one month. He had been able to sit up a few hours each day before he went there, but he did not improve there as had been hoped. In fact, he failed so rapidly that on the ninth of May he requested his mother to come with a carriage and get him home. This she did with as little loss of time as possible, and he was now so weak that he had to be carried in another's arms both from the sanitarium to the carriage and from this to his house.

His return to his home and the care of his mother proved beneficial, so that after a couple of weeks he was again sitting up, and spending a few hours each pleasant day upon the porch. Then he began to walk to a neighbor's door just across the yard for a brief call.

The days of spring, with their sunshine and showers, exemplified in a marked degree the hopes and fears, the darkness and good cheer of the inmates of the sick-room. Now there was a day when hope almost died out in the mother's heart, and then followed another filled with the radiance of a brighter life. With the coming of the sunshine he did continue to gain, so that he delighted to sit on the porch watching the twitter of the birds, the unfolding of the flowers, the bursting of summer's buds—all of which pictured the bright side of life to him who was in such close love and communion with Nature. Each Wednesday afternoon he was cheered by the companionship of a friend of his, Dr. M. P. Pomeroy, a prominent Elk and druggist in the city. As long as Mr. Bartlett was able to sit up they took dinner together, the occasions proving bright spots in the days of patient suffering.

On June 10 he received the sad intelligence of the death of his former beloved pastor, the Rev. Silas M. Rogers, who had found rest from his work at Ellenburgh. He showed that he felt this loss keenly, and the thought that he would not find Brother Rogers to greet him upon his return to his old home impressed him with a sadness he could not overcome.

An incident illustrative of his deep love for the grand and sublime in Nature occurred about the last of June, when a heavy thunder shower passed over the city between

ten and eleven o'clock at night. He always delighted, when a child, in watching the play of the lightning, the deep roll of the thunder, and the dropping of the black curtains of the elements. Upon hearing the distant rumble of the thunder, and realizing what was transpiring in the summer sky, he asked to have his curtains run up to their fullest extent, and to have his couch moved to where he could obtain the best view of the heavens, the gas turned out, saying:

"I want to enjoy this thunder shower."

Sunday, June 28, was a beautiful Sabbath, when the church bells sounded their sweetest peans, and all the air seemed pervaded with love and brightness, expressive of hope fulfilled in that life beyond the earth. Never, to him who loved them so well, did the flowers unfold their petals with more of beauty and sweetness, while the birds, like messengers of joy and hope, sang their notes of praise. A nature like his could not fail to catch the inspiration of such influences, and he seemed uncommonly strong and cheerful during the day, sitting until dark in his favorite seat on the porch at his home, apparently none the worse for his exertions. But the following morning he complained of not feeling as well, and decided that he would remain in bed during the day. He did sit up a little after this, but slowly and surely he grew weaker, thinner, day by day. The longing to return to Ellenburgh was now more earnest than ever, but it was believed he did not have the strength to accomplish such a journey safely, so he was told that he must wait with patience and fortitude until he should be stronger.

Yet, as the days wore away and he continued to lose

strength, and felt that the end was near, he did not fear death, often saying cheerfully, "It does not matter when I go." He bore his sufferings, which at times were intense, without a murmur, lamenting only that it was so hard for his mother. Finally he became fixed in his determination to go "home to Ellenburgh." If he could reach there he believed he would gain strength at once. Dr. Williamson, who had been his physician much of the time, was consulted, and his reply was simply: "I do not wish to advise you in this matter." "Will it do any harm?" "I think not. It will not affect the end." "Will it do any good?" "There is a possibility that if he stands the journey, he will experience benefit by the change. I know of no better place for him than in northern New York." With so much of hope, the mother consented to undertake the journey, and at once began the preparations.

At noon Monday, July 20, everything was in readiness for the start. Dr. Williamson, who had kindly lent all the assistance he could, was present, and Mr. Bartlett, with a cheery smile freighted with an undercurrent of humor, asked:

"Do I look like a traveling man, Doctor?"

"I do not know that you look like a traveling man, Norman, but you look like a man who might travel."

That afternoon a prominent Mason in the city sent a carriage to take him to the station, and accompanied by his friend, Dr. Pomeroy, he was taken to the train at 6.35 o'clock P. M. A stateroom had been engaged and he was carried in as gently as possible. Then the homeward journey which had been looked forward to with so much of joyous anticipation, was begun.

He was placed in bed, and after a few minutes, declaring that he was very comfortable, he added:

"I think I will take a little nap."

He slept for a little less than an hour, when he awoke apparently refreshed, and asked for a hot meal. This was served, and he ate freely. He rested quietly that night, and ate a good breakfast the following morning. Then he asked his mother to write to Dr. Pomeroy and say that he felt better than he had before starting. A lady, a stranger who gave her name as Miss Ida M. Williams, a teacher in the public schools of Minneapolis, who was on her way to her home in Berlin, N. Y., occupying a berth in the car, inquired if there was anything she could do. She remained for awhile, and left, saying she would come back, which she did from time to time, doing many little kind acts that not only made the burden lighter for the anxious mother, but cheered her aching heart with the sunshine of a kindred spirit.

At noon Mr. Bartlett did not feel as well, and he took but little nourishment, passing much of his time with closed eyes and a look of thoughtfulness on his countenance, which had thinned so much since his illness had begun. The white, thin hands moved painfully over the coverings of his couch. Anon he would brighten, and looking cheerful, ask his mother some questions in regard to their progress. Upon looking out of the car window he exclaimed with surprise:

"Why, it is raining!"

"Yes," replied his mother. "When you were a little boy you used to like to ride on the train when it was raining."

"I have not lost that sense of pleasure, mother," he said.

Then, his countenance radiant with the light of a happy thought, he added: "Why, mother, we shall have only one day on the train. We will reach Ellenburgh tomorrow."

The last words of John Wesley coming into her mind, his mother said:

"Best of all, God is with us."

"Yes, mother, surely He is with us."

About nine o'clock in the evening he appeared so much weaker that his mother became alarmed, and asked that a doctor be called, if one was on the train. A young physician quickly responded, and after an examination expressed the belief that the sufferer would reach his destination alive. In fact, he saw little to fear as long as he continued to take his nourishment regularly. The doctor remained with him about an hour, when he was obliged to leave the cars, declaring that he would go on with them if it was possible.

Mr. Bartlett again took some nourishment, but when morning came he felt so ill that he, with that realization of his situation so marked with him, asked that the conductor be requested to telegraph for rooms at a hotel in Montreal, so that they might stop and rest there awhile before going on to Ellenburgh. This was done, and it was announced that apartments would be in readiness at the St. James upon their arrival in the city.

Montreal was reached about eight o'clock on Wednesday morning, and he was conveyed to the hotel in a wheel chair as gently as possible, and in that taken in the elevator to his room. There he was gently placed in bed, and everything done for his comfort. Though he seemed to be suffering great pain, he smiled now and declared himself better. His countenance looked brighter. In a few minutes

he asked that a telegram might be sent to his aunt in Ellenburgh, requesting Cousin Stoughton to come to the hotel in the afternoon. Miss Williams, who had kindly decided to remain with them until others of their friends could arrive, was with him while his mother looked after this matter.

Upon coming back she telephoned for a physician, Dr. Aubrey, whom she had known in Ellenburgh. The doctor was promptly on hand, but he had only to make a brief examination before he said aside to Mrs. Bartlett:

"Why, he's dying now!"

Norman soon after motioned for the physician to bend over him when he whispered:

"This will be so hard for mother!"

Dr. Aubrey stood by his side, doing what could be done to alleviate his sufferings and save his life. But it was not long before he was heard to murmur in an audible tone, while a flash of light, like a halo of glory shot over his pallid features:

"O Jesus—O God!"

Those were his last spoken words. For a time he seemed to recognize his mother, and to understand what she said. Once, as she asked him if he was going to meet little Hamilton, whose death had been a severe blow to him, a wave of light, like the breaking of day upon a night of darkness, swept over his features, and from that moment his decline was evident, but silent, the breath coming slower and fainter, until at eleven o'clock the imprisoned spirit received its freedom, mounting swiftly, hopefully

> The great world's altar stairs,
> That slope through darkness up to God.

The homeward journey of the tired, overworked man was completed. If he had failed to reach his earthly destination it was to gain that higher, nobler home where the soul is free from the sorrows of the body. There is the halo of heroism in such a death, where one battles manfully day by day the grim warrior of disease, and falls at last in the flower of manhood, with so much of hope unfulfilled, so much of work undone, and yet, when we come to estimate his success, so much that was accomplished.

CHAPTER X.

There is no death! What seems so is transition.
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death.

—*Longfellow.*

The Arabs have a proverb which says, "Death is a camel that kneels at every man's door."

The very name of death is hallowed with sacred memories and tinged with a lasting pathos, even when the one summoned is an old man with silvered hair, dim sight, faltering step. How much deeper strikes the shaft when he who passes away is young in years, brave in battle, sturdy of step, ruddy of cheek, in whose veins courses the clear blood of fresh, vigorous manhood, with life's joys only beginning to crystalize, with the sun of hope just breaking above the dawn of early struggles, and the day whose duty lives in dreams unfulfilled and whose promise is the faith that ennobles all, looks so bright. "Death is but the crossing between two lives—this and another."

Very forcibly must these words have come home to the bereaved mother left alone with her dead and her God. Most keenly must their truth have been felt by the young wife, who had been unable to see him during all of his long, hopeful illness, and who was writing even then, in answer

to the mother's telegram: "If I could only have been with you, but now all I can do is to sit and grieve alone." Yet not entirely alone, for human hearts are thoughtful toward strangers. Miss Williams remained with his mother to offer her solace and her assistance, while Dr. Aubrey, canceling all his engagements, devoted his time to her benefit. Arrangements were perfected as rapidly as possible for a departure from the city, and the body, prepared by an undertaker, was taken on the 4.30 train, which also bore the grief-stricken mother and Dr. Aubrey on toward Ellenburgh. At Moore's Junction she was met quite unexpectedly by friends from Ellenburgh, which was reached about nine o'clock that evening. Here she was met by friends and sympathizers from among those who had known her and Norman.

Mrs. Bartlett secured a burial lot as near her father's lot as possible in the village cemetery adjoining the family plot of Mr. James Higgins, whose only son, a friend of Norman's, had found a rest-place there only nine months before, and hither was the mortal frame of the young pastor to be borne. The funeral was held the following Sabbath. I cannot do better than to quote the account given in a local paper at the time:

NORMAN HOWARD BARTLETT.

The funeral of the late Rev. Norman Howard Bartlett, whose death occurred at Montreal July 22, was held at Ellenburgh, N. Y., Sunday afternoon, July 26. The Rev. Albert H. Nash, pastor of the M. E. church, officiated. Prayer was offered at the home of his aunt, Mrs. Phebe M. Carew, at 1.30 P. M. Services followed in the Methodist church at 2 o'clock. The church was filled to its utmost capacity by a large attendance

of relatives and friends of the deceased. The local lodge of Masons, of which order the Rev. Mr. Bartlett was a member, was present in full force. The Ellenburgh cornet band, by their own request, attended and played appropriate selections at the cemetery. The choir of the Ellenburgh Center Methodist church sang very sweetly the following hymns: "Nearer, My God, to Thee," "One Sweetly Solemn Thought," "The Man of Galilee," the last named, rendered as a solo, by special request, as it was a favorite of the deceased.

The discourse was from Zech. ii. 3-5, presenting the record, characteristics and talents of the Rev. Mr. Bartlett as a young man, consecrated, zealous, and successful in the service of God and humanity.

Following the discourse and closing hymn, the Masonic order united in their beautiful and impressive service in the church, then, accompanied by the band, the relatives and a host of friends escorted the remains to the cemetery, where the last sad rites were performed and the body laid to rest awaiting the final summons from on high.

Rev. Mr. Nash's sermon was delivered in an impressive manner, bearing an eloquent tribute to the memory of the departed. This discourse is given here in part:

EXTRACTS FROM THE SERMON.

Zech. ii. 3-5.

"'And behold, the angel that talked with me went forth, and another angel went out to meet him,

"'And said unto him, run, speak to this young man, saying, Jerusalem shall be inhabited as towns without walls for the multitude of men and cattle therein:

"'For I, saith the Lord, will be unto her a wall of fire round about, and will be the glory in the midst of her.'

"In the history of His people, God has often honored young men. The one here mentioned was doubtless Ne-

hemiah, who held a high and responsible office in the court of the Persian king some years following the return to Jerusalem of a remnant of Israel from the captivity. Word came to him of the distress, discouragement and peril of the inhabitants of Jerusalem, with the walls broken down, the gates burned, ruin and desolation within and about the city, scoffers and enemies without on every side. Nehemiah gains the favor of the king, permission and help are granted him. He goes to the city of his fathers, inspires with faith and courage the disheartened people, rebuilds the walls, repairs the wastes, reorganizes the government, and establishes anew the institution upon sure and lasting foundations.

"It is while he is engaged in this work, that an angel is commissioned to hasten and comfort him with assurances of the security, prosperity, and glory that shall come to the renewed Jerusalem, resulting from his zeal and self-denying service.

"Let us, if we may, draw some parallels from the character, record, and services of this young man, Nehemiah, that may suit the case of our young brother departed.

"*He was a young man of promise.* Endowed with rare talents from early years, those who knew him came to expect from him more than average ability and success. His education, upon which much of time and care was expended, was such as fitted him for high callings and noble service in the cause of Christ, and in behalf of his fellowmen. In social life, also, he possessed the rare qualities that won hearts, as well as the commanding personality which influenced and helped to mold the characters of those with whom he associated. The opportunities of his

brief career were well calculated to prove his mettle, to inspire to highest effort, to develop real progressive, aggressive manhood.

"There came a time in his young manhood when he listened to God's voice, heeded the bidding: 'Chose you this day whom ye will serve.' He made choice of the King; gave his heart to the Lord, and experienced the power of his great salvation. Near to the King, also, in the profession chosen for his life-calling. Recognizing the call of God to the Christian ministry, his ready response was: 'Here am I, send me.' The church to which he belonged endorsed his choice, and believing his gifts, grace, and usefulness sufficient, set their seal of approval. Thus he went forth from your midst, one of your own number, ambassador of Jesus Christ, to proclaim His gospel, to offer His free and full salvation to needy, perishing souls.

"As was the king's cup-bearer of old, so was our young brother especially concerned for the welfare of God's cause and people. What might he do to build up His church in the world; what to win souls to Christ; what to make the name of Jesus a power and a glory? These were the questions uppermost in mind and heart; these swayed his life and shaped his brief career.

"Away in the West were opportunities and needy souls beckoning him onward. Leaving home far behind, he went, glad to accept any field in the Master's gift. There he became one among the people, and made their interests his. He was there to teach and help, to seek and save, to unite, and build up. From the very first the work prospered in his hands. Congregations increased, churches were strengthened, sinners converted, and communities

made to feel the power of the gospel as a pervading, uplifting force. The reports of the presiding elders during these first years of his service tell of the real success that comes to him who works in touch with the Mighty One.

"The successes our young brother achieved were the more commendable and enduring from the fact that they were not altogether his own work, but in part the labor of those quickened by his zeal, spurred on by his example, and among whom his energy became contagious. He not only worked with God-given might, he also made workmen.

"As a preacher he was eloquent and earnest, popular and successful. Not simply a pulpit orator who filled the church with listeners, but one who stirred men's hearts and led them to the Crucified One. As a writer his productions rank high in diction, thought, and effectiveness. He was also well known as a lecturer, so that for the last two or three years he was more prominent on the platform than in the pulpit. In many leading cities of our land, from the Atlantic to the Pacific his lectures drew crowded houses, and were most highly commended by press and people. Musical ability he also possessed in no slight degree, which was often greatly helpful to him in the ministerial work. As an orator and teacher *of oratory* he was markedly successful. Our brother found that he could serve God acceptably in helping to prepare men for professional life with all its opportunities of usefulness and blessing.

"No average career was that of this young man. Brief, yet brilliant, it challenges our admiration in many respects, inspiring us to do our best, working with our might while the day lasts.

"Again we note his tireless devotion to work. Whether as preacher, writer, lecturer, or teacher, he was always at it. His mistake lay in overestimating his power of endurance. Here lies one whose own zeal has consumed him. Yet better this, far better, than to have worked slothfully, half-heartedly, content with mere subsistence. His motto seems to have been like that of a certain other young man, who once said: 'I will live with all my might while I do live.' Think of the assurances from this portion of God's word to the young man who thus lives. Whatever his Jerusalem may be, that is whatever the work he does for God and in the strength of the Lord, to that work shall come prosperity—the Lord himself shall prosper it. He hath spoken, and his word is sure. His work shall not be in vain, for to the seed he sows and to the soil he tills God shall give *increase*, and great will be the joy of harvest.

"Tho', as with Nehemiah and his fellow wall-builders, dangers may surround and foes threaten, God will hear prayer and make him to dwell in safety; the Lord will be his defense. Tho' weary oft, and ready to faint beneath the load, divine upholding shall be his, for 'underneath are the everlasting arms.' Thro' many conflicts and trials, yet victorious all the way, praising God who 'maketh us to triumph'; and in the struggle with death itself, exclaiming: 'Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.' And then, just beyond, the *glory* that awaits. The new Jerusalem, with pearly gates, jasper walls, golden streets, many mansions, where 'the lamb is the light thereof, and the night never cometh.

"Could these lips, now silent in death, speak to the young here today would they not say: 'Run, hasten, speak to that

young man, tell him that life with God and for God is the only life worth the living. Tell him that time is flying, death is near, and that we must all appear at the judgment bar. Tell him that Jesus is 'mighty to save.' Bid him seek the Lord now, while time and opportunity are his. Tell him to live for the better world and meet me there.'

"And you, friends and kindred, who today mourn your loss, I commend you to God and His abundant grace—to the Father of mercies and the God of all comfort. May He sustain you and cheer your lonely hours, who has said: 'I will not leave you comfortless, I will come to you.' May this life of our young brother comfort you, as you recall so many of its labors and lasting successes.

"We bid our fellow-laborer farewell this side the river. He has crossed over, journeyed far from us, not to the Jerusalem of old, but to the New Jerusalem, whose builder and maker is God. Let us journey thither—and may we all meet there!"

He was an admirer of all the hymns sung at his funeral, but his favorite was "The Man of Galilee," which was sung to the tune of "Annie Laurie," and the words are as follows:

I am on a shining pathway,
Adown life's shortening years,
And my heart hath known its sorrows,
My eyes have seen its tears;
But I saw those shadows flee;
And the shining lights I see,
While I'm trusting in the merits
Of the man of Galilee.

My soul hath had its conflicts
With mighty hosts of sin,
With the deadly foes without me
And the deadly foes within;
But I saw those legions flee,
And my soul found victory,
While I trusted in the merits
Of the man of Galilee.

I am coming to the City
My Saviour's hands have filed
And I know my Father's waiting
To welcome home his child;
For unworthy though I be,
He will find a place for me,
For he is the King of Glory,
The man of Galilee.

The earth is the cradle of the immortal life, rocked between a departed dream and an awakening vision, and ever it swings on the brink of infinite space. We love it, we cling to it, knowing in our abiding faith that it is rocked by a father's hand.

This is a busy world, but you and I know that our loved ones are never forgotten. If absent in body, they are present in spirit, and at times there comes into each being the manifestation of an influence, an inspiration from beyond this life. Our young pastor, in the fulness of his exaltation, was wont to exclaim: "I firmly believe the departed are allowed to look down to earth and to hear our words." And so with us. We may not have time in our onward rush after the fleeting vision that we call 'success' to scan the morning paper, read the favorite book, study the Good

Word, but we do find time to think of the departed friend while we

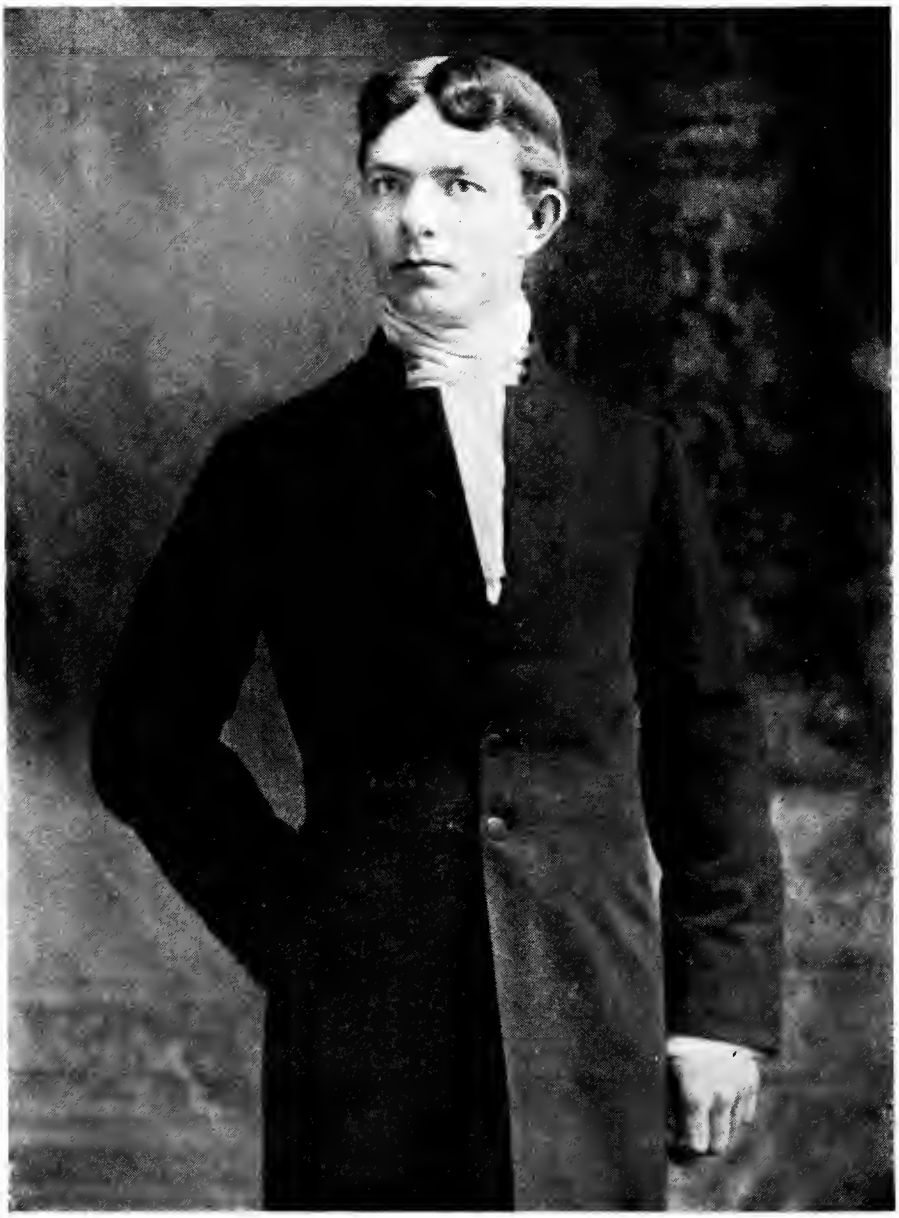
> Sigh for the touch of the vanished hand
> And the sound of the voice that is still.

We are thoughtless to a fault, we are frivolous to a weakness, careless of ourselves as well as others. Only a few days since I saw this vividly illustrated at the meeting of a solemn funeral train by a band of gay strollers, with their idle songs and merry-making, but I know there is no desolation of heart to those who part at night to meet again in the morning. There is no sunshine nor shadow, no gayety nor grief which does not have its place or its lesson of good. While we can finish nothing in this life, we can make a beginning and bequeath a noble example.

So he entered into the new life with the buoyancy of fresh manhood upon his brow, the summer days only beginning to break, the sered autumn lying beyond the hills, and Heaven has one more attraction for us because he is there.

Says Pliny: "True glory consists in so living as to make the world happier and better for our living. So life must be measured rather by depth than by length, by thought and action, rather than by time."

> A smiling face and a hearty hand
> Is a religion that all can understand.
>
> —*Riley.*



PORTRAIT AT 29. From Photograph by Albright, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

CHAPTER XI.

I do not know
Where falls the seed I have tried to sow
With greatest care;
But I shall know
The meaning of each waiting hour below,
Sometime, somewhere.

—*Browning.*

It seems eminently fitting that this volume should contain as much as possible Mr. Bartlett's own works, and it is to be regretted that this portion should necessarily be so restricted. In the following extracts, and portions of lectures, sermons, and papers it is hoped sufficient examples are given to impress upon the reader something of his style of diction and address. Still it must ever be remembered that it is not the mere words themselves but the manner of their utterance, the influence of the speaker's presence, and the inflection of his voice that makes up the sum and substance of the orator's gifts. The words are but the outlines of oratory, without the flowers of speech and the powers of suggestion. As the first specimen we cannot do better than to give parts of a sermon entitled

Ambition.

"A part of the thirty-eighth verse of the first chapter of the Gospel according to St. John: 'What seek ye?'

"It was the day following the baptism of our blessed Lord. We see him silently walking toward the little village of Bethabara, and as he wends his way along the circuitous road he comes upon a group of three men, and one of them, John, cries out: 'Behold the Lamb of God!' And straightway John's two disciples arose and forsook John and followed after the Lord.

"And Jesus turned, and seeing them follow him, he saith unto them: 'What seek ye!'

"And now this evening, dear friends, I want to ask this same question of each young man and woman here: What are you seeking? What is your aim in life? What is your ambition?

"All of us have some goal. All of us are struggling for something. It may be one thing, and it may be another. But there is a purpose, an aim, an ambition just planted, just budding, or just withered in every heart.

"Ambition! For thee men have dishonored themselves, their country, and their God! For thee men have fought and bled and perished!

"For thee, the blood of Caesar dyed the streets of Rome; the blood of Mary Queen of Scotts, the axe and block. Ambition! Thou art the loadstone of Failure! Ambition! Thou art the keystone of Success!

"There is an ambition whose center is self; whose circumference is self; whose orbit is self. And like the viper in the fable it is prone to sting to death those who nurse it into life.

"As I speak, there rises before me a scene which defies portrayal. Come back with me to the beginning of the century past. Enter with me the city of Paris on the

second day of December, eighteen hundred four. The streets are one vast throng. A seething mass of human flesh and blood. On every hand we see displayed the flaming red and blue of France. On every hand we hear the thrilling strains of the 'Marseillaise.' While loud above the shouts of men, the rattle of musketry, and the booming of the cannon, there rises the strident roar: 'Long live the emperor!'

"Behold! Down yonder street there slowly moves the royal pageant. The stones and pavements are lost to view under the crimson showers of roses. Maidens and matrons, boys and men, jostle in eager haste to swell the welcome: 'Long live the emperor!'

"At last, over broken oaths and through a sea of blood, Ambition has plowed Her way to the throne of France. And Napoleon now wears the royal ermine of the French. Ambition! Thy name is indeed Success!

"But look! The scene dissolves. The booming of the cannon changes to the rumbling roar of the sea; the flash of musketry to the lightning's glare; the roll of the 'Marseillaise' to the roll of thunder. It is night on the Island of St. Helena. Water and land, heaven and earth each seem to have defied the other, and a storm of frightful fury rages on land and sea.

"At the further end of the island, through the blinding sheets of rain, we descry a glimmering light. It comes through the curtained window of a distant cabin. Stumbling and clutching at the branches of drooping trees we make our way to the door. It is partly ajar. We peer within. A mingled cry of surprise and horror springs to our lips. On a narrow cot, with sunken eyes and livid

skin, there lies the former emperor of the French. The robes of royalty have given place to the prisoner's garb. He who traveled the road of fame and infamy now rests at its end in chains. It was a hard road. Too narrow for friendship, too crooked for honesty, too rugged for love, too dark for Christ.

"Ambition! Thy name is failure. Thou promised Napoleon Europe, and thou gavest him St. Helena.

> " 'Earth gets its price for what earth gives us.
> 'Tis heaven alone that is given away.
> 'Tis only God may be had for the asking.'

"There is an ambition whose center is self; whose circumference is self; whose orbit is self. Such an ambition swayed the heart and spurred the energies of Napoleon Bonaparte. And that ambition brought him only ruin and dishonor.

"But there is another ambition. And lo! there stretch before me the streets of Boston one cold stormy morning some winters ago. As we walk up Washington street we see groups of men talking, with bowed heads and weeping eyes. Bankers, merchants, and draymen all seem to have one topic of conversation. Hurrying shopgirls stop in the biting cold to speak with each other and wipe away a tear.

"As we pass up Clarendon street the knots of men grow thicker, the news boys' cry less shrill. Sorrow is written on every face.

"As we near Trinity church we see the aged sexton standing in the doorway with tears streaming down his face. And in front of the home we see a line of carriages.

"It is early in the morning. An hour when we look for only one class on the streets of a great city. Yet before us we see women and men who are leaders in society. Harvard students, with their college caps drawn over their eyes to conceal their tears, stand apart from the rest.

"Do you ask me the cause of this grief, need I tell you that there was but one man in Boston, in New England, who could bow the head of every man and woman in that exclusive city with such tears of anguish?

"PHILLIPS BROOKS IS DEAD!

"Phillips Brooks, the man universally beloved and revered by rich and poor alike. Phillips Brooks, whose voice has stirred the echoes of Westminster and soothed the restless pillow in the lowly garrets of the South End.

"Phillips Brooks sought the world for Christ. Napoleon Bonaparte sought the world for self. The former passed to his reward singing, 'I'm going home.' The other met his end with the dying words: 'Better to reign in hell than to serve in heaven.'

"My brother, my sister, what is to be your final word? Is it to be the despairing cry of the disappointed sinner, or the joyous refrain of the blood washed Christian?

"What seek you?

"What are you seeking?

"If we are seeking success in business we shall find it. And if we let that alone be the dominant factor of our life, we shall later find there is something beyond business success.

"It may be power, position, and that alone which you are seeking. There is a Power above that can shatter with a word your little edifice of personal pride.

"Here is a young man who has been blest with exceptional advantages. Health and tireless strength are his. He looks out upon the world and says: 'I am going to safely climb the slippery rounds that lead to political eminence. My voice shall be heard throughout the halls of congress. My words shall be quoted by the press of Europe and America.'

"Here is a young man who says: 'At the head of the medical profession in my native land and abroad you will read my name. In letters of light in the annals of Fame you will find my name. The formulae I present will be accepted by the world with confidence.'

"They may be accepted by the world, but will *you* be found acceptable in the sight of God. Your voice, young man, MAY ring through the halls of congress. But will it ring throughout the halls of heaven?

"Young men and women must have some goal in view, some ambition. The world has no use for sluggards. What the world wants, is hourly looking for, is ambitious men and women. Men with a purpose; men with a will. Honest men, straightforward men, hit-from-the-shoulder men.

"Women with nobility, women with discernment, thoughtful women, pure women, holy women. YES, AND GOD WANTS AMBITIOUS MEN AND WOMEN.

"Oh! my dear friends, I beg you to let your ambition be a noble one. Let it be centered in this Holy Book. Let it be bounded on all sides by the loving arms of Christ. And let it be such an ambition as shall be worthy of you, raising not only yourself but all humanity to a higher level.

"Do you ask me the secret of success? Do you ask me the key to prosperity—temporal and external?

"I hear a Voice coming from the realms of the redeemed and saying: 'Seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all things else SHALL be added unto you.'

"If I could ask the whole company of heaven, I hear the answer borne as on the breath of angels: 'Seek first the Kingdom of Heaven and His righteousness and all things else shall be ADDED unto you.'

"Life is but a span. I look into the faces of you before me and yonder is childhood, here youth, a little beyond is manhood, and there the mark of age—and the story of life is told. Short, isn't it?

"Life is not the end. It is the beginning. Life is the workshop of day, eternity the evening of rest. How often have I been asked: 'Do you really believe there is a future life.' Believe? I *know* it. Has Almighty God in His infinite wisdom given to us these marvelous bodies, these wonderful yet awful emotions that can sound the depths of hate and soar to the heights of love, this brain, that in its power can tear from Nature her secrets, make her our slave, and hold her furies in our grasp, this heart that never rests? Has God in his infinite wisdom thus gloriously endowed us only to let His handiwork be consumed to dust and blown to the winds? Our whole being rebels against such an absurdity. Life does not end all, you know it and I. We feel it, we know it, we are convinced.

"We are given a *soul*, a precious, priceless jewel. In our hands rests its destiny. The hair may whiten, the step grow feeble, the eye grow dim, but the *soul*, the Divine spark, still lives and breathes and gleams as vigorous as at the first. It can never weaken, never die. It is immortal. Somewhere, *somewhere* it must spend eternity. And with us the question lies: 'Where?'

"Just as the diamond develops in brilliancy and grows in value by added cutting and polishing; just as the mind is strengthened and disciplined by continued study and training, so does the soul gain luster under the cordon of Christian experience, strengthen and develop under the tutorage of church and Godly living, grow, bud, and bring forth fruit under the watchful care of Christ's nurturing love. Then let us begin tonight to perfect that gem, that seed, that breath of the Divine. So that at life's close we may present it not crude, dull, lifeless, just simply saved—that's all—but pure and flawless, strong, beautiful, and wholly acceptable in His sight.

" 'Not as the world giveth give I unto you.' The world cannot give a single lasting gift. It promises well but never fullfils. We cannot say to the world, 'Thine is the power' for a single moment. But we can look to God and say: 'Thine is the power forever.'

" 'Not as the world giveth.' How did the world give to Napoleon? Great riches and alluring prospects only to sweep them away with a mocking hand.

"Solomon, mightiest of earthly monarchs, kingliest of kings, pulled out in succession every stop of the world's great organ. Struck every chord. Sounded the full diapason of earthly delight and then recorded:

" 'All is vanity and vexation of spirit.'

" 'Not as the world giveth give I unto you.' 'What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul.'

"Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, the lust of the

flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life is not of the Father, but is of the world. And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever."

ABSALOM.

Part of a lecture given before the Y. M. C. A. of the State University at Minneapolis, in April, 1902. First given as a sermon in Westbrooke, Conn., in 1894.

"The latter part of the thirty-third verse of the eighteenth chapter of II Samuel: 'O my son Absalom! my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!'

"There is no more potent influence than biography. This is true because biography deals with the experiences of men, men who have had the same temptations, vicissitudes and triumphs as have we. Abstract truths are powerful; experience is well nigh omnipotent.

"Writers of fiction have taken advantage of the fascinating power of detailed experience and present the biographies of their heroes. Thus interested by our sympathies with the fortunes of imaginary characters we are led on in eager interest by the skilled novelist.

"The proper contemplation of any character is beneficial. The character may be exalted, symmetrical, unselfish, behold the fruits of rectitude. On the other hand the character may be abased, distorted, selfish; see the result of misdirected effort.

"I bring before you this evening, dear friends, the biography of one whose character was black as triple midnight;

whose career was one long day of debauchery and intrigue; whose sun went down behind the foot-hills of youth and left behind a name that has passed into history the synonym of licentiousness, rashness, deceit, and utter disregard of every tie that binds child to parent and man to God.

"At the time of Absalom's birth Israel was in the zenith of her prosperity. At her head stood the honored monarch, King David. And in the royal palace at Jerusalem, amid the luxurious surroundings of court life, with his foot, so to speak, resting on the steps that led to the throne of power and honor was born the son that brought to King David tears of bitterest anguish and wrung from his aching heart the sorrowing words: 'Absalom, my son, my son, Absalom! Would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!'

"With abundance of money at his command what an education Absalom might have obtained, but he was not studiously inclined. He never knew the incitement that exists in necessity. He never attained that independence of character which results from personal effort. But Absalom was indeed rarely endowed. The scriptural record states that 'In all Israel there was none to be so much praised as Absalom for his beauty.' Perhaps the words 'in all Israel,' etc., may be taken to imply that adoring parents and proud friends revealed more conspicuously his personal beauty to him. Be that as it may, the fact that he was possessed of these personal graces became evident to Absalom and he was inordinately vain.

"There is no characteristic more distasteful than conceit. He who does not possess enough of that uncommon quality known as 'common sense' to enable him to dis-

cover comparisons that will make all his charms and accomplishments seem insignificant is greatly to be pitied. Proper personal pride in regard to acquired gifts is pardonable, nay even becoming. The man who is not awake to the fact that he has within himself latent and undeveloped powers for doing good cannot perform the work, or experience the happiness that would otherwise be his. But greatly to be deplored is the man or woman, who is vainly arrogant because of natural graces. Beauty of character is far richer than beauty of face. Better a deformed body than a deformed character. What embellishment are lips of chiselled perfection if they never speak the word of cheer or kindness to the oppressed? What adornment in rings of diamond and emerald if the hand that wears them has never been extended to raise the fallen? What significance an embroidered vest, if beneath it beats a sullied heart? Nature supplies the externals. Man must furnish the solid masonry. Natural charms cannot add to personal worth. Better an ugly face than an ugly soul. What wonder that Absalom, who paid more attention to his face than he paid to his mind; more to his dress than to his heart, should have become lost to the true idea of usefulness in life.

"We may also find another source of weakness in the life of Absalom in the fact that he was not properly trained. We doubt not that David was the best man of his age. The Psalms breath a wonderful spirituality, a deep and sincere repentance for all the misdeeds.

"Yet David was far from perfect. His life was largely gold yet partly dross. Doubtless David gave to his son much wise counsel and advice, and evidenced towards him a tender solicitude. But David was a busy man. The

cares of a kingdom and the duties of ruler and judge bore heavily upon him. Thus to his mother was largely committed Absalom's instruction and religious training.

"We all have felt the power, the encouragement and restraining influence of a Christian mother's love. This favor of birth was denied Absalom. Maachah was impious and idolatrous. She taught him not the prayers of babyhood. Sweet words of admonition were not hers to give. No loving songs of praise were whispered over his cradle. With no one to guide, direct, or restrain, we read in Holy Writ that Absalom grew to manhood, 'a pleasure seeker, much given to wild company.' The inevitable result is obvious. Where would we, who were reared in the atmosphere of a Christian home, have been today had our environments been different?

"We have thus considered under a few heads the influences that surrounded and went far in the moulding of Absalom's character. Let us now observe more, the principles that were in his heart and which prompted many of his misdeeds.

"Absalom was selfish, and he was wrongly ambitious. We have before discovered that he was vain, and vanity is the mother of selfishness. He was ambitious, but it was an unscrupulous ambition. Such an ambition as swayed the heart and spurred the energies of Benedict Arnold or Aaron Burr never fails to undermine the character and work disaster. But that ambition which develops in man a keener sense of his own unworthiness and inspires within him a more fervent desire to emulate the great Criterion, our blessed Lord, is the embryo of true nobility of purpose.

"It is said that there is a gem of good in every man.

No desert so desolate but that somewhere some flower may shed its fragrance. No life so utter devoid of noble principles but that we may discover some jewel of the soul. A careful study into the life of Absalom has failed to reveal any deed or quality especially noble or praiseworthy. One thing alone savors of the chivalric honor of young manhood, and that is his love for his sister, Tamar. But that love leads to bloodshed.

"After Amnon's death Absalom flees to the court of his grandfather, the king of Geshur, where he remains three years. The record is, 'And David mourned for his son every day.' Ah! David is not the only parent that has mourned for the son in moral exile even when employers, friends, and relatives have been loud in their denunciation.

"Notwithstanding Absalom's unfilial conduct, the love of David wavered not. Absalom was his son, and no unkindness could sever that bond. And when the afflicting hand of Providence and the relentless arm of war brought to a close the final act of this sad tragedy, no word of reproach came from that great heart, as David cried from the depths of pain and anguish: 'Would God I had died for thee. O Absalom, my son, my son!'

"Absalom was 'The Fast Young Man" of scripture. His life was only the prototype of hundreds of lives about us today. Sin has been the same in all time and the wages of sin the same. It does seem strange to me, dear friends, that while we exercise due reason and judgment in temporal affairs, we should be so blind and thoughtless in spiritual. Each succeeding generation for a thousand years has read the story of sinning men, their mad career, their bitter end. They have even seen about them the shat-

tered wrecks of vice and dissipation, yet it profiteth them nothing. They must, it seems, learn the lesson for themselves. To every young man within sound of my voice tonight, let me proclaim 'Beware!' 'Turn back.' Flee from the open door of yon saloon, as though in letters of blood across its door were painted, 'Hell!' Flee from that house of iniquity and shame, as though above its portal hung the crimson signboard, 'Hell! ! !' Flee from that gaming table, turn from those cards, for the awful stake you're playing for is your immortal soul. The temptations of man and the frailties of man are no different today than in the day of Absalom. We touch the fire with the naked hand and the flesh is burnt. And the wise man toucheth it not. He needeth neither prayer nor parable to keep him back. But into the furnace of sin, headlong men rush.

"They see about them the charred and blackened bodies of a million victims, but some insane madness prompts them to believe THEY will escape unharmed. What inconsistency. Let the words you have heard tonight be not in vain. Flee from the walks of vice and the haunts of sin. They have always led and ever will lead to but one end, DESTRUCTION.

"In my Father's name I ask you tonight to make this the hour of turning. Sin always overthrows the sinner. It is an unequal contest, and the devil has the odds. Think as you never thought before! Pray as you have never prayed before! Cut lose from sin, tear away from those companions who are dragging you down! Turn to the church of refuge! Come to this altar! Prostrate yourself before the God you've wronged! Cry as you have never cried before: 'O! Lamb of God, I come, I come!'"

How Drunkards are Made.

Part of a sermon given at the church in Winslow, Arizona.

"The twentieth verse of the ninth chapter of the book of Genesis: 'And Noah began to be a husbandman, and he planted a vineyard: And he drank of the wine and was drunken.'

"For forty days and forty nights the rain poured down from the open windows of the heavens, until the flood covered the earth. And the sun, after the storm, smiled down upon a watery waste, where a world lay entombed. Solitary and alone, without helm, mast or sail, like a speck on the world-wide ocean, floated the ark with its freight. The olive branch, borne upon a weary but glad wing, proclaimed the subsiding of the deluge. The sunbeams kissed the vapors as they rolled up from the retiring waters, and the bow of promise lifted its arch into the clouds.

"Noah went out and planted a vineyard. He partook of its fruits and lay in his tent in the slumbers of drunkness. And the frailties of a good man have been used to justify the drinking usages of today.

"The shadow has fallen across nearly every hearth-side and at the altar's base, and lingered there like the footprints of unutterable woe. Homes are ruined and deserted. The wife and children driven out from the home roof. And today the mothers of America, like Niobe of old (as they weep by their broken altars), are attempting to shield their offspring from the shafts which fall thickly around.

"Intemperance! Thou art the Gorgon whose desolations have out-stripped the wildest imagery of tragic fiction and laughed to scorn the efforts of tongue, pencil and pen!

INTEMPERANCE! If hell has one more potent enginery of human degradation and crime on earth than another, it is Thou! Oh! Slayer of a million homes.

"But blessed be God, there has been raised aloft in this wilderness of crime a brazen serpent. The women of America, the young men of America, the girls of America, are raising it higher day by day, and its name is TEMPERANCE REFORM. And its blessings are sufficient to reward for an age of effort. One home made joyous; one broken heart healed and made happy; one man restored to manhood, family, society, and God, is a prouder and more enduring monument than ever towered in marble. Like the Christian religion, its fruits bear full evidence of its blessed character.

"The reform was instituted by a kind God, to lift up and restore poor fallen humanity, not to add brilliancy to fashion nor popularity to man.

> " 'Out of the fires of shame and sin,
> God is able to garner in
> A glorious harvest of souls.'

"There is no call for argument in this matter. There is nothing to argue. We are men of reason. And when a question is shown to us in its true light, and we have nothing but truth to show, and wish nothing but the truth to be accepted, let us approach the subject boldly.

"Intemperance exists. We wish to stop it. What is the rational and logical way to eradicate this evil? My answer is: 'FIND THE CAUSE, THEN YOU CAN REMEDY THE EFFECT.' Therefore, what is the cause of intemperance?

"Is it the farmer who sows the corn and plants the barley? No.

"Is it the manufacturer who distills the liquor and brews the beer? No.

"Is it the man who owns the building where liquor is sold? No.

"Is it the man who sells liquor? No.

"Whose fault is it then? THE MAN WHO DRINKS IT!

"I am fully aware, dear friends, that I am approaching this subject by a path hitherto untrod. But, if you stop to think I am striking directly at the source and root. The manufacturer creates, and the liquor dealer sells that which the consumer demands. Cut off the demand, and the supply will diminish. Remove entirely the demand, and the supply will cease.

"God in his goodness has given me a fair assortment of brains, and I always have preferred to use them, rather than to take chances with any one's else. Hence, I have laid aside the time-worn arguments of days gone by, which are mostly tirades against saloons, and abuse for saloonkeepers and, along rational and original lines of thought, tried to find the norm and root of this gigantic evil. I am no defender of the saloon or liquor traffic. Far from it. The business in its entirety is despicable, and the man who is in it ought to be ashamed of himself. But I am not here to heap scorn or abuse on any man's head. Every man in this wide world is my brother, and every woman is my sister, God is our common Father, and Jesus Christ our redeemer. I am among you to bring a message and love and pardon, a message of peace and hope. I come not with the sword, but the blessed olive branch. Liquor is the De-

vastating Angel which is sweeping through our midst, showing mercy to none. It is wrecking our homes, our commonwealth. At whose door lies the fault? On whose shoulders rests the burden? The man who drinks it. It is his health which is undermined. It is his back that wears old clothes. It is his pocket that is penniless. It is his home that is destitute. It is his wife who walks the streets in rags. It is his children who barefoot tread the frosty pavements. It is his life that is wrecked.

"Members of the Good Templars of America! I beseech you not for one hour to forget that you each and every one are representatives of the noblest and gravest cause that is being waged today. Forget not for an hour that as professed champions in this mighty warfare it devolves on you to labor with might and main for the restoration of broken homes and hearts, for the salvation of human souls.

"Women of the W. C. T. U., noble women, you have from the beginning been the cornerstones, stanchions of the glorious bulwark of reform. I have seen your representatives in drizzling rain and blinding sleet, in the biting frost and under the summer sun standing before the glazed doors of brothels and saloons on Sunday morning singing the songs of redemption and praying the prayers of the righteous. I have seen them sneered at and hissed, heard them condemned and abused, yet with the beaming light of sanctified queens of heaven, they have quietly borne the jeers and ridicule, hoping to save one life from sin, knowing that God would crown their labors with the fadeless laurels of the blest. Yours is a mission of love. And as you love the husband, the daugther, the son, who gather

about you in the evening hour, so let your heart go out in pity to the many blighted homes in America today.

"Men! What more enduring encomium can I pay to you than to call you MEN! In the name of the all-good Father! In the name of His crucified Son! In the name of the Christian Faith! In the name of humanity! I beseech you to defend the sons and daughters, the fathers and mothers in America tonight. In your hands lie the reins which shall direct the chariots of legislation over the bloated, polluted bodies of a nation's slain, or urge the streaming horses of TEMPERANCE REFORM on through endless ages of prosperity. THINK WELL ere you cast the ballot in defense of INTEMPERANCE."

THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

Portions of an address given before the students at the College of Law, State University, Minneapolis, Minn.

"When the rising sun of the first day of January kissed the foothills of the year 1901, and announced to a waiting world the dawning of the twentieth century, it opened the portals of the greatest epoch in the history of mankind. In the world of finance it looked down upon the largest number of collossal fortunes ever amassed, directed and controlled by individuals. In the world of letters it looked down upon the largest and most erudite gathering of scholars, collegians, and academians that ever filled the halls of learning in this or any other country. While in our national assemblages it revealed an excellency of diplomacy and a superiority of statesmanship which were the marvel of nations.

"For nineteen centuries the races of men had been hurrying hither and thither laying the mighty stage on which this drama of the centuries should be produced. For nineteen centuries oceans of commerce and the highways of trade had been pouring forth the settings for this towering amphitheatre. And for nineteen hundred years the peoples of earth had been tried and retried and tried again, to bring forth the heroes who should grace and glorify this arena of the ages. Thus, when the portals of the twentieth century were thrown open, and the rising sun looked down upon our country and her institutions, it touched the sinews and awoke to action kings of finance, collossi of learning, and giants of statesmanship—made so not by the caprice of fortune nor through the favor of the gods, but by and through the irrefragable and irrevocable law of the survival of the fittest. They were at the top because they belonged there. They worked and studied and thought while others played and slept and dreamed. They fitted themselves by daily sacrifice and ceaseless toil to fill the honored positions which they occupy and no man can dispute their right.

"Well may we, young gentlemen, esteem the destiny that decreed to us the privilege of becoming factors in this stupendous panorama of the centuries. It is a privilege—a great but awful privilege. This is the era of priceless opportunities, golden possibilities, and unparalleled achievement, but it is also the era of great responsibilities and it demands great men to meet them. SUCCESS MEANS MORE TODAY THAN EVER BEFORE.

In the field of finance it means that he who would ally himself with kings must be himself a king. He must have

a practical and positive knowledge of our industrial life. He must be in immediate touch with the maritime and mercantile centers of the globe. It means something to be known as a successful business man in this twentieth century; it means more today than ever before.

"In the world of letters it means that he who would take his station by the side of eminence must himself be qualified by superlative attainments. Each year the standard of requirements in our schools and universities is advanced and made more stringent. To be a graduate in 1902 means more by far than to have been a graduate a decade since. But this is not enough. The day has passed when the diploma was a passport to preferment. The question that we now must answer is not, 'are you a college graduate?' but 'Wherein do you excel your fellow graduates?' 'What more did you get out of a university career than they?' 'Wherein have you displayed superior mentality, exceptional ability, that you should ask precedence over others of your class.'

"Thus does the world give answer to our cry for recognition: 'Demonstrate to us your superior ability and we will give you our support. But mediocrity has no claim on our consideration.' Mediocrity is holding the ladders on which merit climbs to prominence.

"In the world of justice (I use this word with forethought, for to my mind the two words 'law' and 'justice' will ever be synonymous). In the world of justice, I say, the sickle of Discrimination, swung by the mighty arm of Public Opinion, has swung and whistled with an accuracy devoid of prejudice. The Goddess Justitia permits her devotees no mistresses. She must be served alone, loyally

and fearlessly. The favors she dispenses are the rarest; the emoluments she confers are the richest, and the garlands of fame with which she crowns her faithful servitors are ever green. All may seek her, but let him who is unqualified beware. Lay not before her shrine inferior gifts, for she demands the best. The broadest learning, the deepest thought, the highest eloquence are hers by right and she will recognize none other.

"The demands upon the successful lawyer (I use the word in its generic sense), whether within the confines of his profession or as identified with our national affairs, are greater, I believe, than in any other walk of life, greater today than ever before. He must possess to a large degree the qualities to be found in the successful business man. For in his hand rests not alone his private welfare but the sacred trust of others.

"Young gentlemen, it means something to be known as a successful lawyer in this twentieth century. Success means more today than it ever meant before. A century ago one might count the prominent attorneys of a state on the fingers of one hand; today their numbers have trebled, quadrupled, until there is not a city of any consequence that cannot boast a half score brilliant men who a century ago would have been called geniuses. While others played and slept and dreamed, they worked and studied and thought and qualified themselves for exalted places. Thus have they survived, and on the very waves which swallowed and engulfed their less competent brothers, they rose to prominence.

"In preparing for the profession of law, where there is such a variety of demands upon the students' time and

effort, it becomes quite necessary to eliminate the superfluous from his course of study in order to permit an amplification of the essential.

"Is a knowledge of oratory as outlined on this card, with all that it embraces and implies, essential to him who in this twentieth century is seeking the highest and the best which the profession has to offer? The answer is so obvious I hesitate to dwell upon it.

"I know of not one reason why a bricklayer, a hack driver, or a railway engineer should study oratory. But I know a hundred reasons why a professional man, looking forward to a public career, where effective utterance is so much to be desired, so absolutely necessary to his success should study oratory.

"One great reason, oratory is the gateway to public recognition. I care not how much a public man may know, unless he has the ability to express his knowledge in words, to mould his words into effective speech, and to deliver his message in a way at once clear, logical, and convincing, his intellectual attainments are little likely to be recognized by the public.

"In this day when one's business, professional, and social interests are so closely interwoven it is really necessary that one should be able to come before a club, a dinner, or a company of men and respond to the sentiment of the occasion in a manner becoming his station or profession. Especially is this true of him who is in the profession of law.

"Again, oratory is the highway to political preferment.

"He who would find favor in the eyes of party leaders must be able to command a following. And we know of no surer way to do this than by public speech. The aspir-

ant for office may be revered for his integrity, honored for his learning, but unless he can come before a gathering of his constituents and by his ready speech and fervent eloquence set forth the party principles and issues of the day he is little likely to become a candidate for office.

"But listen, listen. I doubt if there is one among you who has not looked forward from the day he first decided to study law, from the day when first he entered the classic halls of this university, looked forward from the day when he should leave this college an honored graduate, to that hour when he should stand before twelve good men and true and by his unquestioned logic, his indisputable argument and his unquenchable eloquence defend the right and true and denounce the wrong and false. This is the ambition, the impetus, the catapult, that has thrilled and swayed and impelled the mighty jurists of all time.

"In the biography of one of the most eminent lawyers of the century we read that he had two ambitions, to have a thorough knowledge of the science of law and a thorough knowledge of the art of oratory. The eminent pleaders of every day and age have been accomplished orators, men who meant and felt all that they said, who were able to give their thought and feeling expression, and who are able to present a *plea*, not of cold facts and arguments alone, but a PLEA that touched the heart and awoke the sensibilities because it was the spontaneous outflow of genuine emotion and was embellished with true oratorical power.

"I thank you for the close attention you have accorded me, and if I have trespassed on your time I beg your favor. For as the mother is led to praise the virtues of her offspring, so have I been led to extol the beauties of my art.

"In all the years to come seek the highest and best which your profession has to offer. Work, study, think, and while others play and sleep and dream, you will mount steadily upward. Let him ascend who can. And as he stands upon the pinnacle of eminence let him look back to this day and recall these words, 'THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.'"

ELKS' MEMORIAL DAY ADDRESS.

Part of the address before Lodge No. 44, of Minneapolis, delivered December 1, 1901.

"Once more the recurring seasons have brought to us that sweetest and most beautiful day in the calendar of Elkdom, Memorial day. And with bowed heads, sympathetic hearts and responsive hands we have gathered with one accord to observe this sacred day and solemn hour with due reverence and respect. We have met to share a common sorrow and to lay the tribute of Remembrance upon the altar of fraternity. And although the heart may waver, the hand falter, tears all unbidden dim the eye and strong emotion, ill contained, find tremulous expression, yet there is a Power above, beyond the human, to whom at such a time we may turn with reassuring confidence. His name shall fortify our hearts, his strength sustain our hands, his smile dispel our tears, his mercy temper our distress. Therefore, to Thee, thou Great Exalted Ruler of the universe, we dedicate this service and ourselves. We ask thy blessing on this lodge of Elks and on all who wait before Thee at this hour. And we invoke thy gracious benediction of peace and comfort on those with whom we mourn. Be thou their help, O Christ!

" 'Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
Thou madest man, he knows not why;
He thinks he was not made to die;
And thou hast made him; thou art just.

Rise, happy morn, rise, holy morn,
Draw forth the cheerful day from night:
O Father, touch the East, and light
The light that shone when Hope was born.'

"In all this world no thought is harder to contend against than that we who have toiled and labored, feared and hoped, borne of the world's great burden a little part, tried to fulfill our duty to those about us and made of our lives all possible to make, shall some day pass to the great unknown and be forgotten. The world may be a stage, and all the men and women merely actors; we may have made our *entrance*, played our parts and made our exit without clash of instruments or herald's note; but when the play is ended, the curtain dropped, and the lights turned out we fain would think our parts not played in vain. To be remembered, to feel that some one cares, to know that in the hearts of those we loved a place is left which never can be filled—yes, that's the wish of all.

" 'To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die.'

"A broken-hearted wife may hold her lonely vigil o'er the stricken hearthside, and mourn for him who was her

light and love; a white-haired mother may turn her tear-stained eyes back to the old home that first knew her son; a little child may frame with baby lips that dear sweet name 'papa' as he kneels by the widowed mother in the evening hour; here his memory is cherished. But out in the great world of men, where the ever-rushing tide of trade surges relentless and without regard, his going barely brings a ripple for a day and hour. There his name is lost, forgotten as the current of affairs sweeps onward as before.

"Not so with us in Elkdom is a brother's name forgot, and herein lies the tender import of this hallowed memorial day. A day when we, as brothers, we, who have known each other as men and brothers, meet to recall the virtues and the excellencies of our departed dead. Within these halls their names shall ever live. Within these hearts, their memory is ever green. And as the changing seasons mark the yearly flight of time, this day shall bring to mind again, and yet again, the affectionate remembrance of those who have gone before. If they erred, as who of us has not, their slight shortcomings let us trace upon the bosom of the cloud which softly rises, floats out, away and is lost to view. Their noble qualities and distinguished gifts let us engrave upon the tablets of memory, and enshrine within the sanctuary of our hearts. We knew them as the world could never know them; we held them as the world could never hold them; we loved them as the world could never love.

"Slowly the cycle of the centuries rolls back. Softly the billowy clouds of time part to the right, the left, above, beneath, and lo! we find ourselves transported to distant

Palestine. The clamor and the turmoil of the haunts of men, the steaming avenues of traffic and strife are left behind and we follow in the footsteps of the *Man of Galilee*.. Clothed in the garments of humility and crowned with the coronet of righteousness, he makes his way among the rich, the poor, the exalted, and the lowly, dispensing without favor the blessings of his grace. His every look speaks love; his every touch gives life; his every word brings hope. We hear that mild rebuke that brought the light of gratitude to an erring woman's eyes: 'He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone.' We catch that wondrous message that has spoken hope and comfort to many a darkened soul: 'Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in me.' Where'er he went, sunshine and love and peace took up their abiding place. The sick were blessed, the poor enriched, and the sorrowful were cheered and comforted. The flowers of the morning opened to his eyes, the smiles of children welcomed his approach, and a benediction of thanksgiving went with him on his way.

"My brothers and friends, the mission of love which we today fulfill has for its inspiration the same sweet spirit of Christian charity which dwelt in the heart of Christ. We live not for ourselves but for others. It has ever been our pleasure to alleviate distress, to relieve the suffering and to console the sorrowing. Homes have been gladdened by our presence. Hearts made happy by our kindly ministrations. Blessings have been bestowed by our benevolence, and calamity averted by our protection.. Ours is a mission of unselfishness. No rule of giving governs every gift; charity without ostentation we dispense. No immu-

table law of necessity compels observance, fidelity without coaction we bestow. Brotherly love is ours to practice, not to theorize, and Christian fellowship pervades our daily living.

"From ocean to ocean the spreading antlers of Protection and Benevolence stretch forth like sheltering arms to shield the helpless and to defend the oppressed. Burdens have been lightened, tears wiped away, purity conserved, while the widow and the orphan have found a refuge in our midst.

"Men have sometimes marveled at the wondrous growth of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks. But is this increase strange when we consider that the same great principles of philanthropy and morality which underlie and animate Christianity are the foundation principles of Elkdom? Why should we not increase? We have indeed been prospered and 'tis right we should be. And the years to come shall witness even greater growth.

"Some one has said that the manliest thing in this world is to do our duty in that state of life to which it shall please God to call us. The duty of every individual may be said to involve two elements: first, his duty to himself, and secondly, his duty to those about him. Of the first we all are mindful but the second we oftentimes forget. There are duties which we owe each other and which we must fulfill in order to receive from life its richest blessings. 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me.'

"There is no true happiness in living for self alone. The wellsprings of pleasure fail, the horizon narrows, the heart is warped, and the affections are chilled. But if we

let beneficence and kindly cheer find daily expression in thoughtful consideration for others not only have we contributed to their pleasure and upliftment, but the giver has been equally blest by the gift. Then let us ever be mindful of the many who need our help. Every brother, every person here has it within his power to help or hurt another. Perhaps not always directly but surely indirectly. We never know the part we play in others' lives.

" 'The touch of a hand, the glance of an eye,
Or a word exchanged with a passer-by;
A glimpse of a face in a crowded street,
And afterwards life is incomplete;
A picture painted with honest zeal,
And we lose the old for the new ideal;
A chance remark, or a song's refrain,
And life is never the same again.

An angered word from our lips is sped,
Or a tender word is left unsaid,
And one there is who, his whole life long,
Shall cherish the brand of a burning wrong;
A line that stares up from an open page,
A cynic smile from the lips of age,
A glimpse of loving seen in a play,
And the dreams of our youth are swept away.'

"Let us then, dear friends and brothers, keep in mind the duty we owe each other in life and death. It is not so much a duty, however, as a deep and conscientious regard for our honored dead, that calls us together today to commemorate their lives. Ten of our number have been taken

from our midst in the year just past. Obedient to the summons of the Sovereign Ruler of the universe, they have advanced from our ranks where fellowship is close and dear, to join the vanguard Elks who have passed on to the appointed gathering place of the human family, where sweet companionship is everlasting. But the names they have left behind shall be immortalized upon the tablets of this lodge. Their integrity and lofty manhood shall ever be an inspiration to moral rectitude and fraternal fellowship. They have crossed the valley of the shadow of death, moved onward over the ever verdant hillsides of peace and have found the radiant mountain height that pierces the region of unending day. They have made their way through the tangled forest and have entered the beautiful city of God where all is bliss and love and peace, where all the fragrance of creation gathers, where the Royal King and Ruler of all true Elks, regales with every joy, his faithful subjects, and before their never-tiring gaze, revolves the ever-changing, ever-gorgeous panorama of the universe."

EXTRACTS FROM SERMONS.

"If we, who have stood by the couch of a loved one and with hearts almost breaking watched them go out on that last strange journey, could see them today as they are I feel that we would not so earnestly ask for them to return to us as that we might go to them. And for that reason I believe that there has come into all our lives, from time to time, an hour almost of transfiguration, when we have been granted a fleeting respite from mortality, and for a little time our spiritual and mental vision has risen to a

higher, better, purer plane, and it has been a consolation to our loneliness and an inspiration to a higher, purer living."

"The ever restless brain, turbulent with the affairs of life, has suddenly found rest. A great peace steals, like a soothing promise, into our troubled hearts. The colors of earth fade from before our eyes, and as in a dream we look far out over the sentinel mountains and the sleeping valleys."

"And let me ask you, dear friends, in all tenderness and with sympathy undiminished, is it wholly right that we should isolate ourselves with our grief, neglect those who love us, and want us and need our sympathy. Do you not know that only those who have suffered can feel for those who suffer. Only those who have met adversity can respond to the cry of distress. Only those who have wept can weep with those who mourn. Thus through misfortune, sickness, suffering, and death, our hearts are made more human."

"I ride in my comfortable carriage over country roads and see beautiful hedges, green fields, stretching parks, flock-dotted hillsides, and sparkling streams. Another walks over the same road, bent with years and poverty, and he sees only sand, and rocks, and brambles. What we get out of life is determined in no small degree by our environment and point of vision. Returning, I may meet this pilgrim on his way. I try to sympathize with him; I give him alms; I think I feel for him, but he knows I cannot. So it is necessary, I believe, that we should feel the hand of affliction in different ways that through them we may be made more sensitive to the trials of others, and

when this blessing comes to us, for it is a blessing, let us not transform it into a blight. Let us rather accept it, and look around for another with a greater burden and less strength to bear it. No man of feeling can forget his sorrow."

To Hell in a Pullman.

Extracts from this Popular Lecture.

"On the platform of the railway station in an eastern city a convict was standing, waiting to be taken to the state prison. As the train rolled in he turned to the sheriff and said: 'Hadn't we better take a Pullman? I have always traveled first class. If I am destined to go to hell, let me take the trip in style.'

"That remark, overheard on the platform of a crowded station, suggested this peculiar subject, 'To Hell in a Pullman.'

"False pride, with its attendant evils, hypocritical pretense and mendacious assumption is the social lash that today is driving our noblest men and fairest women from the paths of rectitude and the fanes of purity into the whirlpool of sin. It is robbing our homes of their sweetest blessing, contentment: it is making slaves of men and whited sepulchres of women; it is tearing down our commonwealth and overturning our historic tenets; it is subverting our morals and is the scourge of society—this unbridled desire for display.

"The so called 'leaders of society,' with wanton prodigality and their lavish use of gold, would dazzle and eclipse their Fifth avenue contingents, their dresses and their car-

riages, their dinners, and their fetes, one and all, are planned and paraded simply to impress the lookers on, while from Cape Cod to the Golden Gate, poverty leers from street and alley, and piteous woe and pleading want run shrieking side by side! Children crying for bread, men begging for work, while a fortune is squandered in a single night to flaunt the flag of display!

"The vice descends in society, and the middle classes try to ape the rich. The vice again descends and the working classes also, on a smaller scale perhaps, vie with others in their heated struggle to keep up appearances. From millionaire to wage-earner all have set a pace and they must keep it up—living beyond their means with no thought of the past and no care for the future.

"The cry is raised aloft: 'The rich are growing richer while the poor are becoming poorer.' Alas! why not? When our growing generation is taught to look on economy and moderate living as something to be concealed, while flaunting extravagance is lauded. It is not the necessities that keep men poor, but the luxuries. Ten cents for bread and two dollars for cigars! Fifty cents for meat and three fifty for wine! Five dollars for flour and ten for amusement—and then men wonder why they cannot get ahead!

"Men and women everywhere today, the young especially, are attributing to misfortune, ill luck, and adversity the embarrassments which many times they have brought upon themselves through poor judgment, neglect of duty, and extravagance. For half a decade let all seek moderation in dress, living, and amusements, and, above the wreckage of dismantled hopes and broken hearts, beautiful

homes, fair daughters and noble sons shall rise, while plenty shall dwell within our gates. Strikes, strifes, and serfdom will be unknown. Poorhouse and prison will be sore depleted. Women will higher hold their charms than rustling silks and gilded ornaments. Men will be esteemed for their character and understanding. And money will be valued for what it will do when rightly used.

"Regret it as we may the deplorable fact exists that money has been made king absolute. Its domain is the world; its subjects Earthians; its sway omnipotent. It makes social gods of parvenues, and saints of sinners. Women and men who entered life pure and spotless as from their mother's arms, who spurned with scorn the first suggestions of dishonor, no longer feel the blush of shame as they barter womanhood, manhood, purity, and principle for the cap and bells of the god of gold. Corruption is crowned with political preferment, while Truth and Justice are trodden under foot. Talent is set at naught, ability ignored, principle laughed at, while intellect is made the target for the shafts of ignorance. Men and women are willing to sell their bodies, their lives, their souls, for a mess of fulsome pottage and a crown of gold.

"We would not seem to criticize those who, by prudent management, daily self-denial, and judicious investment have planned while others slept, saved while others wasted, worked while others played and thereby accumulated and preserved a considerable portion of this world's goods. Their zealous diligence and unremitting thrift are heartily commendable so long as they are not potentialized by greed or penuriousness. We certainly grant that every one has the privilege of using his money as he pre-

fers. But we as certainly deny his right to do so. There are some responsibilities too sacred to be violated, and the moral obligation of man's example to man is one of them.

"We decidedly criticize a social system that not only raises false ideals as to worth and superiority, especially in the minds of the young, but also, by its surface attractiveness, creates envy and jealousy, breeds discontent, incites unwarranted expenditures, and ofttimes leads to crime. We are criticizing a social system that robs us of the lofty criterions of our earlier civilization, and measures men not by their culture, but by their ancestry, not by their learning, but by their dress, not by their hearts, but by their wallets—a social system based upon and maintained by sordid commercialism.

"What is the primeval cause of the present unhappy, unwholesome conditions which permeate and vitiate every strata of society? My answer is: A wrong conception of the value and use of money by the untutored, sensation-seeking element of the rich. With them money is used to stand for what good breeding represents. There lies the cause. Where seek the cure? Surely we can look for no corrective influence among those who are themselves the evil's source. Neither can we seek a remedial agency among those of other classes who have made the delusive examples of the improvident rich their standards of excellence.

"Hence the social emendation which is so urgently advocated lies primarily with the educated, the unselfish, the unassuming, the truly refined element of our wealthy and middle classes. Let them, by their simple elegance in dress and entertainment, by their unaffected, modest liv-

ing, decisively condemn the glaring sensationalism, the ridiculous display, and the ruinous extravagance which stigmatizes society today, and thereby they can do what neither rostrum, church, nor college can do to effect a reorganization, and inaugurate a reformation of our social forces.

"I am in no wise coloring or exaggerating present conditions. Well may we ask as we enter upon another century: What does the future hold? We can look back with pleasure on the advancement we have made and the position we have gained in the hundred years just past.

"America has taken her place at the head of nations, while the arms of our republic reach out to the islands of the sea, proclaiming power. Our banks are overflowing with the fruit of the earth and mill. Our flag of commerce waves on every sea. Pre-eminent we stand secure in the financial world. Yet a nation's greatness is not measured by her riches, nor is it dependent upon her mills and packing houses, but it is *enshrined in the lives of her sons.* And if we rear our children in an atmosphere of pretence, sanction ostentation, foster fast living, teach by example as well as by precept that the acquisition of money is the first pursuit in life, and continue to exalt the absurd inanities which degrade society today, we rear them to a life useless as it is vain. Then our only hope of enduring greatness is in our sons.

"'WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE.

'Not high raised battlements and labored mound,
Thick walls and moated gates.
Not cities proud, with towers and turrets crowned,

Not broad armed ports, where laughing at the storm
Rich navies ride. No! men, high minded men!
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing dare maintain,
These constitute a state!'

"Nations have tried to exalt themselves by means of the superficial and failed. With luxurious sensuality and prodigal display, they have surrounded their daughters and their sons. With reckless disregard of human rights and moral law, they have plunged into the unwarranted excesses of social license, with a madness born of money, of whose value and use they were ignorant, they have abandoned themselves to unlimited extravagance, and the abyss of time has swallowed them up as the sea the dead.

"We look back on Babylon, the metropolis of western Asia, mistress of the ancient world, as she stood in her sumptuous magnificence. She had riches beyond the wildest dreams of fiction. She had power tyrannical in its scope and exercise. She had social precedence which none could question nor approach. But she had no son sufficiently endowed to understand and give permanent mental setting to her faith and her civilization. For knowledge of her we are dependent upon her ruins. Among none of her intemperate inhabitants did she find a genius to whom she could intrust the keeping of her secrets, and the records of her progress.

"Babylon was so absorbed in trading, and eating and drinking and revelling that she produced no son to give eternal setting in history, or poetry, or science, or literature to her dark, unsounded and unlettered life. She

substituted power for principle, gold for integrity, the artificial for the genuine, the gross for the refined, the transitory for the permanent, the physical for the intellectual; thus did she accomplish her destruction. Ingloriously consumed in her own lust the proud city sank into humiliating chaos. Over it all has settled the stillness of the desert and the gloom of eternal night.

"On the other hand, we turn to the land and people whence sprung the best of law and literature, philosophy and art the world has known—historic Greece.

"Forever the epic verse of Homer shall be heard in the halls of learning, and add new lustre to the literature of Greece.

"Fallen are her temples, and in ruin lies the Parthenon, but no devastation of the years can take from her the glory which she locked in the genius of her sons. The drama of Sophocles and the lyric verse of Pindar forever shall sing her glory and her gifts. The forum shall ever echo the phillipics of Demosthenes, and the matchless eloquence of Æschines. Hers was the supremacy of mentality, therefore, Greece shall forever live.

"As the relentless hand of war laid low her walls, as the tooth of time ate deeper into the vitals of state, like stars in the sky of Greece the spirits of her generals, her statesmen, her artists, and her philosophers rose and shone above the ruins and shed abroad their radiance o'er all the world. She deposited her riches in her great men, and they are forever secure. The hand of no invader can dispossess them; the ravishes of time cannot consume them.

"No nation ever became permanently great through the material resources of her people. No city ever gained en-

during prominence through the elaborate entertainments, unqualified extravagance, or spectacular display of her citizens. No individual ever passed into history through the glory of his raiment, his income, or his lavish living. All these become as sounding brass when the chimes of character are struck. True excellence comes from within, and dull indeed is he who thinks to lift himself above his fellows by outward accretions. Money, dress, or dinners never made men great.

"The most gifted children of earth have been content with small means, and have attained their brightest triumphs amidst lowly surroundings. Socrates, the philosopher, and Virgil, the poet, drew from discouraging environment food for dynamic thought and potent culture. Carlyle and Coleridge, Lowell and Hawthorne, Channing and Emerson lived within a modest competency, yet sent forth their thoughts to feed and refresh the minds of men. Spurgeon, refusing to come to America to lecture fifty nights at $1,000 a night, saying he could do better; he would remain in London and try to save fifty souls. Phillips Brooks, occupying the most fashionable pulpit in Boston, yet giving much of his time, and the greater portion of his salary to relieve the suffering and cheer the disheartened in the comfortless dwellings of the poor, and Wendell Phillips, turning his back upon patrician society, that he may defend the oppressed—these are some of the men whose lives have been immortalized by lofty living, and over whose memory we linger with loving reverence. Their hearts beat in unison with the great world-heart. They lived not for themselves alone but for others also. They belong to no one generation or place but to all people and to all time.

" 'This is the lesson that history
Has taught since the world began:
They whose memories never die,
Who shine like stars in our human sky,
And brighter grow as the years go by,
Are men who have lived for man.'

"Nothing could be more befitting than the tribute we pay to the lives of great men. They represent the history of the nations to which they belong.

"Long after the names of New York's four hundred have been forgotten, the names of Frances Willard, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Julia Ward Howe, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Barbara Frietchie and Old Glory, Molly Stark and Bennington will ring from church to schoolhouse and home to home.

"It is the America of Daniel Webster that will thunder and echo down the centuries of time. It is the America of Henry Clay that will ever be the proud synonym of strength. It is the America of John Calhoun that will hold the generations yet to come. It is the America of Patrick Henry that binds the North and the South and makes them one. It is the America of Abraham Lincoln that is imperishable as the foundations of God's throne. Such were the men through whose moral and mental integrity America found her greatness. Such were the men through whose self-renunciation, and steadfast lofty manhood her greatness was maintained. And such is the type of men that must continue to sustain our social and national institutions in the years yet to come, or we shall go down in history as a nation of weaklings, and like an-

cient Babylon we shall be lost to memory—no bard, no statesman with force of character sufficient to tide his name beyond the century in which he lived.

"Strange, strange that from the same life one man should build a monument more enduring than bronze or marble, and another should raise a structure that falls with the rising sun. The contrasts in the uses which men have made of life are infinite. Napoleon used it to build a highway for his ambition which led to St. Helena. Socrates used it to call the attention of the youths of Athens from the base and mercenary ways of life to the majesty of intellectual manhood. Benedict Arnold used it to sell his country and erect for himself a monument of shame. Washington used it to build a shrine in the hearts of his children, an altar before which the lamp of patriotism shall ever burn.

"Since the gift of life comes to each man only once, bringing opportunities to share in his spirit only once, it would seem that every man would make the most of it. Yet this is not the case. Day after day we see men throwing their lives away, selling them for a fortune they can never spend, exhausting them in dissipations that invite destruction, consuming them with vanities and shams that sweep society as a fire the forest, leaving only the charred and blackened ashes of a garden of promise.

"Is this higher living which I would so earnestly promulgate only idealistic in its possibilities? Far from it! In the life of John Ruskin it found thorough realization. In the life of William Morris, poet, artist, manufacturer, and philanthropist it was exemplified. It is being beautifully illustrated and daily actualized in the lives of thousands of our men and women.

"If birth and circumstances have placed us in the humble walks of life, remember that no surroundings, however unfavorable, can keep a true man from true success; that is, from usefulness here and heaven hereafter. Let us be content to wait for fortune's favor. If we cannot ride in the Pullman we may find a seat in the day coach, and the sunshine is just as bright, the fields as green, and the flowers as beautiful viewed from the one as from the other. Let us make Channing's 'Symphony' our song: 'To live content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion; to be worthy not respectable, and wealthy not rich; to listen to stars and birds, babes and sages with open heart; to think quietly, and await occasions.' Then have we caught the inspiration of that higher living."

Reveries.

(A poem found among Mr. Bartlett's papers. Written in 1885.)

What is joy, but sorrow?
All happiness brings pain!
The eager lover
Woos the tarrying day when,
In the jeweled craft of love united,
He shall embark upon the stream
Of destiny.
The day comes.
From under the overhanging arch
Of orange blossoms, his fragile boat
Glides forth.
A small white hand
Rests lightly on the helm,

While wondering eyes look trustfully into his—
So full of promise.
Softly the pink grey mists roll back:
'Tis dawn.

Like water lilies
The months are left behind;
And now a clinging form,
A breath from heaven,
Is pressed to the mother's throbbing breast.
With bold free stroke
The boat rides on. With tender pride
He guides, that on the helm
No strain may come.
The romping stream,
Sparkling beneath the sun's warm kisses,
Lingers in its course
To greet with laughing glances.
The flowers
Give forth their sweetest fragrance.
Around, above, myriads of voices
Swell the symphony of love;
'Tis noontide.

Over the whispering rills
The shadows lengthen,
They reach the prow.
Two figures
Sit with tearless eyes
And heads bowed low.
The oars lie listless;
The helm sways to and fro.
Across the river,
A little white robed figure stands;
The pleading arms out-stretched,
And in the baby hand
A crushed and broken lily—
The mother heart.

The sobbing waters
Bear them on in pity.
The shadows deepen;
Her hand seeks his:
'Tis eventide.

The stars,
Like scintillating points of steel,
Look coldly down.
Grim, shapeless shadows
Loom from under trailing willows
Skirting the banks.
Close to the shore
A battered boat is drifting.
Crouched in the stern,
With sunken eyes and livid skin,
He sits alone; the fleshless hands
Clasped 'round the mocking petals
Of a faded wreath of orange blossoms.
Behind the murky clouds
The spectral moon lurks jeeringly.
The keel grates harshly
On the pebbly shore;
The ebbing tide receding licks its sides,
Then leaves it fast.
The gathering mists
Enshroud with damp embrace:
'Tis night.

All happiness brings pain!
What is joy but sorrow?

CHAPTER XII.

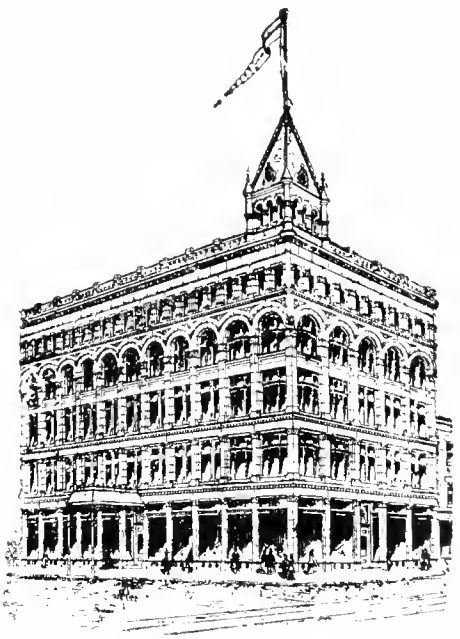
The glory of our life below
Comes not from what we do, or what we know,
But dwells forevermore in what we are.

—*Van Dyke.*

It seems fitting that this humble memorial I have tried to raise to the honor of this brave young life should be followed with personal tributes from a few of the many who knew him and who cherish his memory. In my own way, I would fain add a few words, partly of criticism—and no life is beyond this—partly of praise. His portraits that accompany this article convey in a more impressive manner than any words of mine can, his personality. He was of a well-formed, graceful figure, five feet and nine inches in height, and weighed a little less than one hundred and fifty pounds. He had brown hair, fine, glossy, and inclined to waviness; dark blue eyes, a clear skin, the cheeks tinted with the deep pink that gives an attractive freshness to the countenance. The mouth and the eyes are perhaps the most expressive features with the majority, and they were with him, the one speaking of firmness, and the other of the brightness of a hopeful nature.

Kind and gentle in his manner, filled with filial tenderness and an absorbing love for the early scenes of his life,

LUTHER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, HAMLINE, MINNESOTA



ST. JAMES HOTEL, MONTREAL, P. Q.

his was a strong, earnest, sanguine temperament, illuminated with the halo of a precocious life. He was a student, yet he loved nature better than his books; he always bore a flower of sympathy for the low-spirited, a word of good cheer for the weak and hopeless. His mind was as clear as amber, his perceptions swift and intuitive. As a teacher he had the faculty of transmitting something of his inspiring courage to his pupils, and of imbuing them with his own indomitable spirit. As a public speaker he had the gift to captivate his hearers with the powers that sway the souls of men, and by logical steps lead them down to the lower plane of human experience, and then gradually raise them upon the higher level of humanity full-armed to meet the heresies that environ their pathways. His lectures were vivid in their word painting, sinewy in their philosophy, and virile in their arguments. It is impossible to depict in type the depth of oratorical power, the fervor of the speaker, the thrill of his tone, the magnetism of his presence, for all of these are lacking in the cold metal that conveys to the eye the empty words without carrying the soul of their expression. He lacked the cool, calculating acumen of the business man; he was guileless of the artifices and shrewdness of the politician; but his was the ardor of the poet, the grace of the artist, the art of the logician—the combined powers that go to perfect the orator. He spoke not alone with the tongue words that were the flowers of thought, but with the eye, the hand, the soul he expressed all of the emotions that sway the minds and the hearts of men.

Personal Tributes.

Manchester, N. H.

My recollections of the late Rev. Norman Howard Bartlett are most pleasurable. He was a fine looking, manly boy, one who was keenly alive to and sympathetically in touch with the spirit and joys of youth. As a boy his manner impressed me, and as he matured he retained his genial and winning ways, his strong fascinating face, and his lovable qualities which found expression in his devotion to the mother who cherished him, and whom he repaid by being a dutiful and loving son.

I did not see much of him after he left this city, but reports constantly came of his growing and broadening, and of the man's part which he was taking in the activities of the world. Norman Bartlett could not be otherwise than active. His nature was ambitious, and he spurned all that was sluggish. His face was constantly turned to the sunrise, and he was ever pressing forward with buoyant, exultant, and hopeful strides to fields of new achievement. Alas, too often at the moment of the greatest hope there

> Comes the blind fury with the abhorred shears and slits the thin-spun life.

This hopeful, inspiring life went out when it had but entered upon the threshold of the theatre of splendid achievement and left with us but the memory of the nobility and sweetness of his nature.

It is deeply regretted by Manchester acquaintances that his remains could not have found a resting place here, in the peaceful valley of the Merrimack, where his budding

ambition first took wings, and where they might pay loving tribute to his memory by gathering at the mound betokening where his body lay, but it was not to be, as in compliance with his expressed wish his body sleeps in the place of his nativity, Ellenburgh, N. Y.

EDGAR J. KNOWLTON,
Mayor 1891-94.

FREDERICKTOWN, OHIO.

I would pay the deepest tribute of respect to my friend and brother, Rev. Norman Howard Bartlett. While he was pastor of the First M. E. church of Winslow, Arizona, it was my good fortune to be an inmate of his home for more than a year, and as I look back upon the hours which I spent in the society of this genial, scholarly Christian man, I think of it as one of the pleasantest years of my life. Norman was a student and wonderfully endowed by the all wise Father. I considered it a privilege and an education to listen to his sermons from Sabbath to Sabbath; yet still more did I appreciate the opportunity of being in his home, for it was there that I learned to know and understand the man. He was a grand and noble character, and he did a noble work in Winslow.

I loved Norman as a brother; he was a true and kind-hearted brother to me. I have lost many friends, but I feel the loss of Norman the greatest of all, but we cannot mourn for him as though he was not a child of God. We miss him, we long for him, but to call him back to this cruel earth, we would not. Life's road will soon be trav-

eled and at our journey's end Norman will be there to welcome us home.

HARLEY D. CLARKE.

HANNIBAL, MISSOURI.
April 12, 1904.

I knew Norman Howard Bartlett when a little boy and I know something of the hopes and prayers for him. I well remember when I was pastor at Bethlehem, New Hampshire, and he was a guest in my home. His solicitude regarding his mother, and how proud she would be when she knew of his success. His talents as a speaker were recognized at this early period of his life.

I watched his progress as the years went on. It was very gratifying to me to see him climb up to positions of trust and honor. It was my privilege to assist him in his work and studies as he entered the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal church, and when he was ordained in the First M. E. church, Phoenix, Arizona, of which I was pastor, I stood at the altar with him, and with the bishop placed my hand upon his head. It was a solemn hour! A few days before this conference I had married Norman to a lovely young lady. She looked upon this sacred scene while the tears ran down her cheeks.

Norman made a splendid success at Mesa, Arizona. It was a place that needed an earnest young life to mould other lives as young and younger than his own. He met all responsibilities, and brought up to conference a splendid report. Young and old were his friends. Bishop Newman, after meeting Norman and hearing his report, said: "Where did Brother Bartlett come from, and where

did he get his wife?" I told him, and also told him of the prayers and hopes of Norman's mother.

Norman had gifts and graces for a sphere of great usefulness; so far as human sight goes we cannot understand why he was taken from earth. But the fact that our heavenly Father sees that which we cannot see answers many a hard question, and solves many a problem for us.

Knowing Norman so intimately, I naturally feel a personal loss. And, feeling so, I more fully sympathize with those who were so near and dear to him. May God bless and comfort you. A little while longer you will wait here, then the King will open the door and bid you enter; the shadows will flee away, the morning come. Then, one long glad blessed day with the loved ones who have gone into the great brightness.

Norman is safe *at home*. Why Heaven and God needed him more than earth and man we do not know.

Most sincerely,

REV. CHARLES J. CHASE.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA.

I first had the pleasure of meeting Norman Howard Bartlett as my instructor in oratory in the College of Law at the University of Minnesota, from which time we became very dear friends.

In his death the world lost one of its most brilliant orators and a man who was beloved by all who had the pleasure of making his acquaintance. There are but few men possessed of such sterling qualities as Mr. Bartlett was endowed with. As an orator, he had no equal in this state; he had an intellectuality that was marvelous for one so

young. Kind and affectionate, with loving words and a brotherly hand clasp at all times, he became endeared into the hearts of his many friends, who now deeply mourn his death while yet so young, and whose future seemed unlimited.

JOHN C. SHILLOCK,
College of Law,
University of Minnesota.

PITTSTOWN, N. Y.

As I remember Norman Howard Bartlett I think of him as one whom I loved. I became acquainted with him when I was stationed at Ellenburgh, 1891-1895, as pastor of the M. E. church. He was then preparing for the work of the ministry in the Episcopal church. I subsequently met him after I had gone to Essex. It was on the railroad between Ellenburgh and Rouse's Point. We renewed our acquaintance, and after a pleasant visit, he confidingly told me that he wished to enter the work of the ministry in the Methodist Episcopal church. He was granted a local preacher's license by the Quarterly Conference at Ellenburgh. He entered the work of the ministry, having spent much time in study to prepare himself for this noble calling.

I was interested in him, and was glad to know of his success. Stricken down in the prime of life, I was made sad to learn by telegram of his death, and was prevented from attending his funeral, whither I had been called by a bereaved and loving mother, because of poor train service.

After having started on my journey, I was obliged to return home.

Let us live true to the blessed Saviour that after the toils, trials, conflicts, and the blessed victories, through His grace we shall receive the blessed "Well done."

REV. WILLIAM H. EDWARDS.

MANCHESTER, N. H.

While the friends of Norman Bartlett are bringing handfuls of lilies and scattering purple flowers, let space be found among many tributes to his memory for a word from one who knew him in his student days.

It is pleasant to recall the bright face, the sturdy figure, the clear voice, the winning charm of manner, the varied characteristics that formed the vigorous and attractive personality of this young man. His boundless enthusiasm, his originality, his appreciation of the best, made him even in those early days, an interesting companion, and marked a nature that was susceptible of the highest culture.

It is a satisfaction to learn how richly the years fulfilled the promise of that early time and what laurels he gained as teacher, lecturer, and preacher. And now that the winsome voice is silent, those to whom it was most dear may find comfort in the sympathy of many loving friends who knew from happy experience that

> His lips could well pronounce
> Words that were persuasions.

MARIA F. KIDDER.

TILTON, N. H.

Norman H. Bartlett came to the New Hampshire Conference Seminary in 1899 and was graduated in 1891. I

recall him as especially proficient in public speaking, and I do not wonder that he made an impression in after life in that line.

As I recall his bearing as a student, I can truly say that his conduct was gentlemanly and uniformly correct. I am glad to learn that he was so useful in his life work.

D. C. KNOWLES, D. D.
President of Seminary.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

It was my privilege, and I esteem it a high one, to be closely associated with Mr. Bartlett during the last two years of his life and I learned to admire and respect him as I have few others. As an instructor, and as a friend, he had few equals. He possessed that admirable trait of impressing his students with the fact that he was always their friend.

Whether in the class room, on the lecture platform, or in his home, his strong gentlemanly character was deeply impressed upon all who met him. And his memory is cherished as one of the most sacred by the host of friends he made in the Great North Star state.

H. J. BUSHFIELD,
College of Law,
University of Minnesota.

WATERVILLE, ME., March 12, 1904.

I am very glad to learn that a permanent record is to be made of the life and work of the Rev. Norman H. Bartlett.

Such a pure life as he lived and such a noble and unselfish work as he did are surely worthy of record, and the record of such a life must be an inspiration to many others to do more and better work for the dear Lord whom he so faithfully served. But it was mainly of his childhood that I had personal knowledge, and of which I desire to speak. Twenty-eight years ago I had charge of a temperance organization in Manchester, N. H., known as the Juvenile Templars. It was made up of children from all the Sunday schools of the city. The band numbered 1,007 members the day I left the city.

One day there came to join the band a bright, sunshiny faced little fellow only about four and a half years old. It was little Norman Bartlett. It did not take us long to learn that his wisdom and intelligence were far beyond his years. Even at this tender age he developed a remarkable talent for public speaking, and he soon came to be known as "The little orator." No concert or public exercise of the band was complete without him. All were delighted to hear him. More than this, everybody loved him. He was always interested in all that was good, and was always ready for work. Thus the child gave sure promise of the noble and useful man that he afterwards became.

His life was short in years but long when measured by his noble deeds and the vast amount of good God enabled him to do. Truly has one of our poets said:

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We shall not count time by heart-throbs.
He lives most who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

Many are safely folded with Christ today because of his faithful labors, and the precious fruitage of his brief years will appear more and more as the years go by. Surely many lives must be richer on earth and in Heaven for having had him even during the brief years of his life. May we all so live that by and by the Master may say to us as to him: "Well done."

REV. H. F. WOOD.

WHITING, IOWA.

The memory of my beloved teacher, Norman Howard Bartlett, will ever be sacredly cherished. He was one whose worth and dignity was uplifting and inspiring. His words were elevating and ennobling. His brilliancy of mind, his true nobility of heart, and his steadfastness of purpose, won for him the respect and admiration which is ever the just tribute of a true and noble man.

ETHEL M. BIGELOW,
Minneapolis Academy.

WEST DERRY, N. H.

All persons have their mission. God gave Norman his. To preach the good news of a crucified Christ; to give fresh faith to the faithless; to encourage the despondent and impart strength to the weak; to cheer homes of mourning and to rob dreaded death of part of his gloom; to give comfort to the weary and hope to the sad, and direct sin sick souls to the Divine Physician. He felt his weakness, and called on God to supply him strength, finished his course and entered the land of rest. Glorious life!

REV. WILLIAM THOMPSON.

NEW YORK CITY.

MRS. IDA PLUMLEY BARTLETT,

DEAR SISTER: Allow me to express my sincere sympathy with you in the loss of your son.

Sincerely yours,
J. M. BUCKLEY, D. D.,
Editor *Christian Advocate.*

ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.

DEAR FRIENDS:

Mrs. Drew and self join in expressing deep sorrow for you in your great affliction. We had heard of Norman's brilliancy and promise and had hoped for him a sphere of long and large usefulness. The sudden going out of such lights is a mystery too deep for us to fathom. Did we not believe in even a brighter future life surely our hearts would break. But "We know that to them that love God *all* things work together for good." It will take the *heavenly* life to explain this. "Now we know in part, but when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away."

How sweet will be heavenly recognition. I fear we often mean too little when we speak of it, and think only of the outward form. To be sure we shall expect *bodily* recognition in the resurrection, for the Apostle says, "To every seed his *own* body."

But the same Apostle referring to heaven, also says, "Then shall I know even as also I am known."

We shall know each other's eyes,
And the *thoughts* that in them lay,
When we meet above the skies
That pass away.

May God bless you, my sister, and grant you and us all that happy meeting.

The favorite hymn is very beautiful, and I can almost see the glow upon dear Norman's face as, when in health, *he* must have been wont to read it.

Again assuring you of our heartfelt sympathy.

Yours in Christian love,

REV. A. E. DREW.

DULUTH, MINNESOTA.

MRS. BARTLETT,

MY DEAR MADAM: I have a very distinct and pleasant recollection of the lecture delivered by your son, Rev. Norman Howard Bartlett, at the high school here.

The excellent presentation of the evils that afflict society and the lofty ideals held before the audience, could not but have a good effect, and I was glad to congratulate the lecturer both on the substance and manner of his address.

I was pained to learn of the demise of your good son. We can little afford to lose men of his kind.

I am

Yours sincerely,

JAMES McGOLRICK,

Bishop of Duluth.

ELLENBURGH, NEW YORK, May 24, 1904.

I am not sure that anything I can say will add to the brightness of the good name dear Norman left here. I remember that the Presiding Elder Barrett was very much impressed with him, and thought he was a very bright

young man, whom he would like to help in every way he could. He thought we were making no mistake in recommending him for the ministry in the Methodist Episcopal church and as one of that official board I am thankful for all I did for him. He certainly proved that he deserved the little assistance I could give him. When we heard of his wonderful drawing powers in the far away western country, where he had gone to preach, we felt it demonstrated the fact of what God says in his word: "If I am lifted up I will draw all men unto me."

So Norman performed his mission faithfully and nobly, and God has rewarded him by taking him unto Himself.

Now, I can truly say that I was very proud of Norman and his work, and I am sure that what I say voices the sentiment of this community. It is, too, a source of local pride that when his work on earth was over he should find his resting-place here amid the quiet scenes he loved so well.

JAMES HIGGINS.

ELLENBURGH, N. Y.

Ellenburgh is proud of being the birthplace of Norman Howard Bartlett. When the telegram reached here from Montreal announcing his death he was universally mourned. No one could help liking him who had formed his acquaintance. He was very different from most young men. It seemed to be his main object to benefit those he was associated with, and especially the young people in this place. He had the faculty of getting the good will of all whom he associated with.

When he left this place he left no enemies behind him. When I heard of his sickness out West it reminded me of the times he was sick here, and I shall never forget standing by his bedside. I never heard him complain or murmur in the least. He bore all his ills like a Christian martyr, and I believe while we are mourning his loss here he is enjoying the blessings of heaven, where he can see God face to face, and where there is nothing to mar his happiness, but all is peace and joy.

From your old friend, who is passed eighty-eight years of age.

E. H. DOMINY.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA.

I knew Mr. Bartlett intimately for two or three years previous to his death. I met him first in February, 1901, shortly after he came to Minneapolis. The meeting was formal and momentary only, and I formed no definite impression of him aside from that of a strong and genial personality. It was not until he organized his classes in oratory at the law school of the University of Minnesota that I came to know him well. I well remember the occasion of the first meeting. Most of the students expected to see a man of mature years and gray hair. Imagine their surprise when a young fellow stepped forth from their midst, apparently no older than the majority of the boys, and taking his place before us, began to address us. He had not spoken two sentences when I realized the marvelous power of the man over an audience. The attention of every student was riveted from the beginning to the end. He talked for about fifteen minutes and to my satisfaction

proved that he was master of his art. I was among those who joined his classes.

Mr. Bartlett was very popular with the students from the beginning. Tho' our teacher, we felt that he was one of us. He was always genial, always cheerful, in fact overflowing with good feeling. His illustrative renderings were superb.

In the following autumn I had occasion to arrange two lectures for him in Minnesota, one at Lake Benton, the other at Minneota. The lectures were delivered Friday and Saturday evenings of the same week. Owing to poor railway connections, we had to drive thirty-five miles across the country to make the latter place. It was a beautiful autumn day, and the drive was one of the pleasantest I ever enjoyed. It was during this trip that I learned to know Mr. Bartlett's marvelous power as an entertainer.

In the domain of expression Mr. Bartlett was truly a master. His versatility was marked, whether descriptive, humorous, or pathetic, it was all the same.

On the forensic platform Mr. Bartlett was equally successful. He possessed all the qualities of a powerful and artistic orator. A fine physique with firmness stamped on every feature; a scrupulously trained and marvelously modulated voice; freedom and grace of movement; faultless technique; these were the means with which he readily made himself the master of every audience. In grace and variety of gesture he has never been surpassed. The style of his oratory was declamatory rather than conversational, but a fiery and dramatic delivery always made it effective.

He was possessed of a most entertaining personality. Conversation with him was an art. Having been a student

from boyhood, he was well informed on all topics of popular interest. Those indeed were fortunate who enjoyed his intimate acquaintance. No man ever had a more loyal friend, nor was any man ever more successful in gaining friends.

All who knew him deplore his early demise, and feel that they have lost a friend.

HOLDOR B. GISLASON,
College of Law,
University of Minnesota.

GLENDALE, MINN.

"Mr. Bartlett is dead." These words, so unexpected, came one summer day, bringing no light sorrow to me. Mysterious life and mysterious will of God! Only a few months before Mr. Bartlett had stood before our class in physical culture and oratory at the Minneapolis academy, an image of health and strength, and imparted to us instruction, the result of which will follow us through our lives.

As I write, memory brings back to me part of a conversation with my instructor, in which I asked him about using a part of Bryant's "Thanatopsis" in an oration. He said, "Yes, I am very fond of 'Thanatopsis' and especially the last lines," and he repeated:

> So live that when thy summons comes to join
> The innumerable caravan that moves
> To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
> His chamber in the silent halls of death,
> Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
> Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
> By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,

Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Only a brief while and his summons came, and he joined the innumerable caravan. A place in the world is vacant, a useful and brilliant man gone, and many, many mourn, yet

When the stream which overflowed the soul was
passed away
A consciousness remained, that it had left
Deposited upon the silent shore
Of memory, images and precious thoughts
That shall not die and cannot be destroyed.

KATYE GORDON McCALL,
Minneapolis Academy.

DOVER, N. H.

MY DEAR MRS. BARTLETT:

Accept my sympathy for the loss of a son of such promise who was still in his early manhood.

Sincerely yours,
REV. J. M. DURRELL.

LAWRENCE, MASS.

DEAR MRS. BARTLETT:

Accept my kindest sympathy for you in your great bereavement; knowing Norman as I did, and his great devotion to you and yours to him, I realize that you have suffered an irreparable loss.

During our school days I was associated with him quite intimately, and our relations were always of the most pleasant and friendly kind.

Very truly yours,
ARTHUR W. JOHNSON.

WEST MANCHESTER, N. H.

The golden autumn sunlight was pouring through the windows of a physician's office. Beautiful and inspiring as it was, it had no power to dispel a cloud of misanthropy hovering over the thoughts of the practitioner. A cloud involving no less than the question of filial regard on the part of American children. A cloud so appalling that the doctor was actually exclaiming aloud when the door opened and a young, manly voice interrupted: "Doctor, at your earliest convenience please call at No. —, diagnosticate the case, and as soon as possible appraise me of the same, and tell me what I can do to make my mother well."

The physician, by no means mercurial in moods, looked as though a new atmosphere, a new sunshine, a new vitality was about to be vouchsafed to human hearts.

In this case at least the task of helping the mother was not all to be left to doctor and nurse, but it was to be shared by the son, and he was to have an *appraisement* of the same and instructions from the medical attendant as to how he could "help to make his mother well."

Simple words, but mighty in import. No wonder they would appeal to an eager, earnest worker in the healing art! That physician had previously heard of the young man, Norman Howard Bartlett, and had heard him designated as "one in ten thousand," or "even one in a million." But numbers have no multiples or co-efficients for expressing the worth of such a nature.

In the days that followed the physician knew not in which capacity to most admire the young man, i. e., as a simple novice in attending upon his mother's needs, or as

priest at the altar breaking to his congregation the Bread of Life.

Certain it is, his attitude in both cases not only indelibly impressed itself upon memories' wall, but so identified itself with our hope and faith that during the *recent* illness of his mother it was only the "thinnest veil of sense" that prevented us from actually feeling the touch of his vanished hand, and hearing the sound of his voice that is still.

A living symbol, gone only a little before; we grasp its wonderful significance, holding it with firm faith, and through all the remaining hours we are cheered by the words of his Incarnate Life and Light.

Mother, "behold thy son!"

MARY SHEPHERD DANFORTH, M. D.

BLOOMINGTON, ILL.

During the two years in which I was a teacher in the Tilton seminary, it was with the class of 1891 that I was perhaps most associated, and in its individual members I have since been most interested. For in that class I found the one who has been my companion in life. It was a good class, and I recall no one of its members who seemed to have brighter prospects of a long and successful life than Norman H. Bartlett. I remember him as a bright young man, always polite and gentlemanly in his conduct, always ambitious to achieve distinction as a public reader, and in this work he was gifted with unusual powers.

I was pleased to learn that he had entered the especial work of the Master, and that the talents he had so carefully trained for the platform were being employed in the

grander and nobler work of the pulpit. In the brief space of a dozen years he had already won signal success, when an insidious disease struck him down. We wish he could have lived to round out a long and successful career, an honor and a blessing to the church of his choice, a constant and growing satisfaction to his friends, and a lifelong comfort and support to his devoted mother.

FRANCIS M. AUSTIN,
Professor of Latin,
Illinois Wesleyan University.

BLOOMINGTON, ILL.

MY DEAR MRS. BARTLETT:

I wish we could say some words of comfort to you, but words seem such empty things. One truth is certain, that love like yours and your son's is never lost, and is never in vain, but will be precious through all eternity.

With sincerest sympathy,
(MRS.) GRACE JEWETT AUSTIN.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Mr. Bartlett was the first of my instructors for whom I conceived any real affection; the first, I may say, who made himself my confidant. My ideas were extravagant, I dare say, he must have smiled at them inwardly. But he never let me see his amusement. On the contrary he was always patient with my shortcomings, and ready to give me a friendly ear. Youth is touched by kindness and the world admires talent. In this gifted friend I found a new world opened to me, new avenues of thought, that opened toward loftier ideas than I had dreamed of heretofore.

I learned much from his instruction in oratory, but I feel called upon to dwell more especially upon the inspiration I received through contact with his nature. That inspiration germinated in my mind a new thought concerning literature, which I have since been carefully unfolding, yet not without remembering its original source.

My thoughts stray off sometimes to his resting place at Ellenburg, through the places where I knew him when he was here among us, the old academy building, the walk under the trees at the university, and the hall where his classes in oratory from the law school used to meet—all these places bring back touching memories of him. Sometimes a sentence, a single word perhaps, or even a tone of voice or expression of face, is all that I recall, but I treasure these recollections like so many flowers made sacred by the touch of vanished hands.

But after all, I comfort myself with the assurance that he is not dead, but only gone before us. Though the form of flesh is no more, yet I think perhaps his soul sometimes walks the old remembered ways. And perhaps he is near us when we think him away; an unseen presence, yet felt, strongly, like his thoughts.

WILLIAM DAVIS,
Minneapolis Academy.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

My acquaintance with Rev. Norman Howard Bartlett was brief, but in his case it required no long acquaintance to blossom into the warmest friendship. In fact I felt that I had known Norman all my life soon after I met him. His was a nature that required no probing to ascertain the

worth of the man. He was an open book. To meet him was practically to know him.

While in Portland he won a warm place in the hearts of the brotherhood of Elks whom he came to honor with one of the best memorial addresses ever delivered before the local lodge.

Though admired for his keen intellect and eloquence as an orator, he was perhaps admired even more for his magnetic personality, warm heart, and radiant cheerfulness. He had the gift for scattering sunshine as few have.

MAX M. SHILLOCK,
Secretary Board of Trade.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

MY DEAR FRIEND.

My heart cries out for you in your agony over the loss of your son, our beloved Norman. Words are so poor and express so little when our hearts are full of tender sympathy which cannot be uttered. Bless his dear heart. It seems strange why he should have had so much of heart-sorrow in his brilliant young life. But now he has perfect love and joy with the blessed Father. I know the long, lonely hours are hard to bear without him, but God knows best. God bless you, dear, and fill your heart with His love and comfort. Mr. S. joins me in deep love and sympathy.

Your loving friend,
MRS. ANNIE GODLEY SHILLOCK.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

I would like to add an exclamation point in the biography of Norman H. Bartlett.

Twice I had the pleasure of listening to his popular lecture, "To Hell in a Pullman," once before the students of the state agricultural college at St. Paul, and later at the Y. M. C. A., Minneapolis. The fine articulation, the pose, every gesture, every inflection, and his voice all went to make the deep thoughts of his subject more sublime. Like the lily it was beyond criticism.

DR. P. S. CALKINS.

BOSTON, MASS.

MY DEAR MRS. BARTLETT:

I regret to learn of the death of your son and my classmate, Norman H. Bartlett. He was an attractive fellow, very talented, and one who would be a favorite wherever he went.

I sympathize with you in your loss.

Yours very sincerely,

KARL MARSHALL WHITE.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

If man's eternal happiness depends upon the amount of Christian charity flowing from his mortal heart, Norman Howard Bartlett sleeps in the blissful repose of immortality. His every act seemed to spring from motives, unsullied by any selfish thought. His only ambition seemed to rest on the rock ribbed virtues of friendship, fidelity and brotherly love.

While at the University of Minnesota his charming personality and good will, coupled with rare oratorical ability, attracted a host of friends, who enjoyed his pleasure in the sunshine of his health, and shared his last grief in the

evening of a too strenuous and over dutiful life. We all are happy to have been counted in the endless chain of his admirers. We believe that he is happier in the perpetual light of heaven.

J. A. LAYNE,
University of Minnesota.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

DEAR MRS. BARTLETT:

I read the notices of your son's death with most sincere sympathy in your sorrow. I suppose that the traveling was too much for Mr. Bartlett; still, you and all did what we thought would be the best for him. It must have been God's way, which is best after all.

Under his short life he made himself useful, respected, honored and loved. That is the most that any one can do; he did this and his work was done.

And in this way, he is still living in the hearts of those who learned to know him personally.

This is a charming thought for you as his mother.

Sincerely yours,
DR. G. F. LOFQUIST.

FREDERICKSBURG, VA.

It is a great sorrow that the time has come to write a few words in praise and memory of my late friend and instructor, Norman Howard Bartlett. It seems as tho' the great All Father might have spared one so youthful and so ambitious. He was so efficient an instructor, so thoughtful and enthusiastic, a worshiped leader among his pupils by right of high accomplishments. He was such a thoughtful friend, so kind and generous, that his loss is keenly felt by those who knew him.

MAX W. BUELL.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

The news of the death of my friend and classmate was received with sadness. I was privileged to form an acquaintance with him at Tilton seminary, and this soon developed into a personal friendship.

Norman was most kind hearted and generous, possessed of remarkable energy and enthusiasm, which made it possible for him to accomplish so much in his short life. His talent for oratory was recognized by all his associates.

May the record of his life, his services, and his thoughts serve not only as a memorial of the past, but as a help for the present and a light in the future.

JAMES H. HASTE.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

MY DEAR MRS. BARTLETT:

I cannot express to you with what sorrow I learned of the passing of your son and my friend. I can only send you this message of love and sympathy, and tell you that this great sorrow is shared by his many friends among the students of the college of law.

My work as his pupil will always be a happy memory to me for I always knew that I had both the confidence and sympathy of my teacher.

Mother and I both send to you our heartfelt sympathy and love. We know it is well with him, and we send our most sincere wishes for your happiness here.

Your very sincere friend,

ALICE L. KERCHER.

College of Law,

University of Minnesota.

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

MY DEAR MRS. BARTLETT:

I am not able to tell you my feelings as I recall your son and the short acquaintance I had with him. I was very much surprised and pained to hear such sad news, for I had no thought when I left him in Minneapolis some months ago that that would be our last meeting.

I scarcely know where to begin my letter to express my sorrow, for none know better than we ministers how idle words are at such a time. But I am sure you will appreciate a word from me, coming as it does from almost an entire stranger, who met your son by chance, and formed a friendship that I was hoping would last many years. He seemed so full of life and activity that I had no thought of death, and was hoping to hear of his success, as I had no doubt of its coming year by year and getting better all the time. Now it is all changed. Now he is at home and we are the wanderers. May the dear Lord, who knows how to aid and comfort in such hours, give you all comfort, that it may come to your sad heart as the Father's will and therefore best.

In His Name,

REV. THOMAS W. BARBOUR, PH. D.

CRESCO, IOWA.

By the death of Norman Howard Bartlett the many young people with whom he came in contact lost a most devoted friend. Mr. Bartlett had a large number of very strong qualities, but the one that enshrined him in the hearts of his friends was the unselfish assistance he so willingly gave to those who wished to study his art. Pay was

a secondary matter, and a many hours' session with a deserving student was a common occurrence with him when he was most active with his work, without any compensation whatever.

As an instructor Mr. Bartlett was most superior. His patient ways and unbounded enthusiasm for the best there was in a pupil made him able of setting young men right in their oratorical capabilities.

DAY L. GRANNIS,
Of the College of Law,
University of Minnesota.

Not now, but in the coming years,
It may be in the better land,
We'll read the meaning of our tears,
And there, sometime, we'll understand.

We'll catch the broken threads again,
And finish where we here began;
Heaven will the mysteries explain,
And then, Ah then, we'll understand.